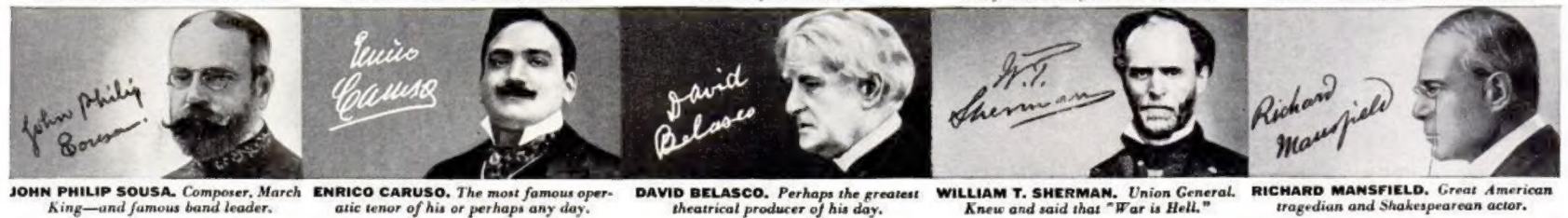
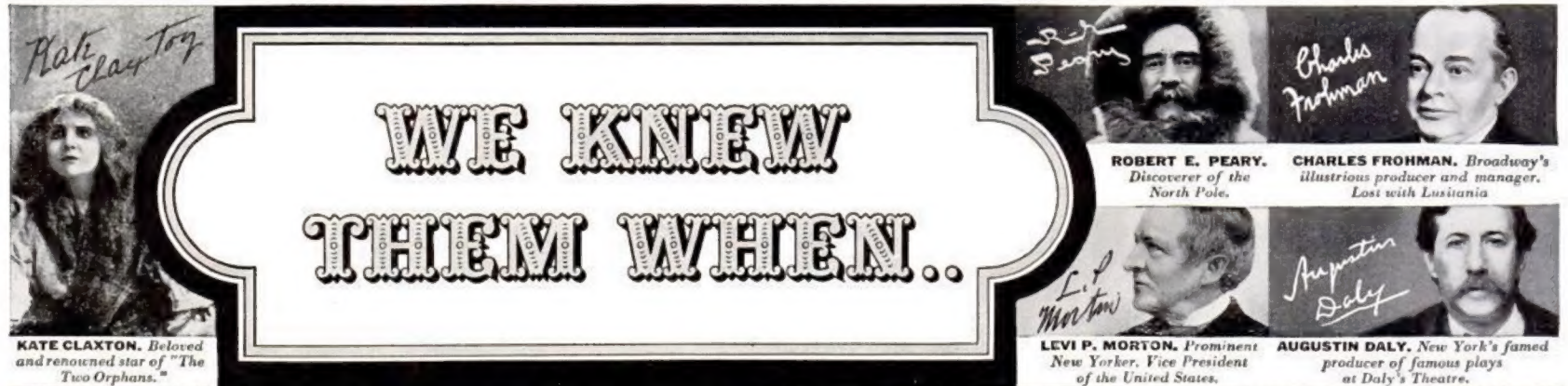
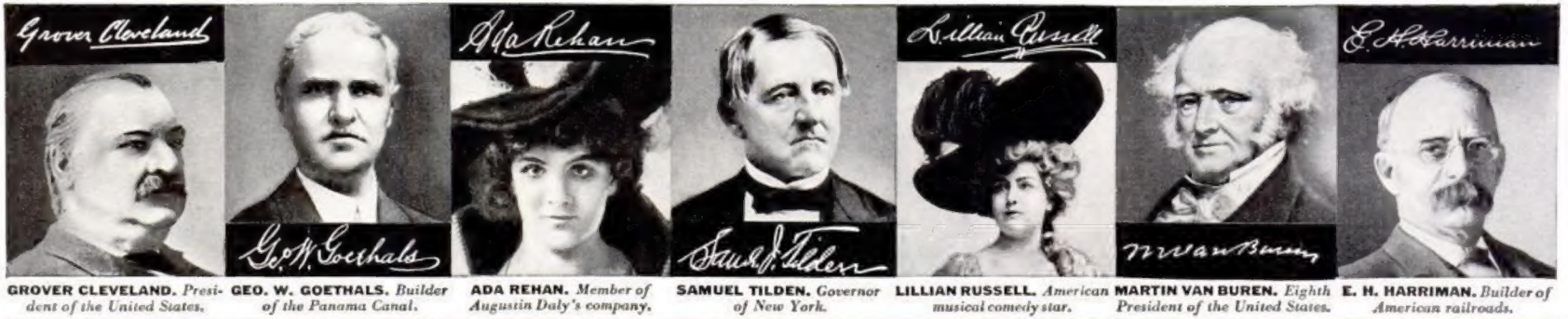


LIFE



METROPOLITAN OPERA'S BALLET

DECEMBER 28, 1936 **10** CENTS



RECENTLY, we came upon the signatures of the people on this page... all former customers.

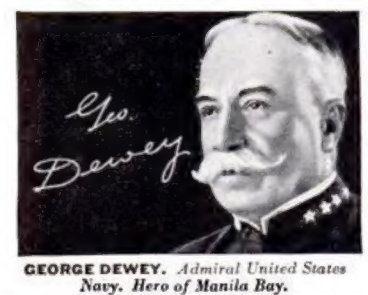
What memories they call to life! Little Old New York in the days of Augustin Daly and Ada Rehan. A gay, glamorous era, when New York was just an easy-going, jolly, intimate town; and big business didn't seem very big.

All these famous folks were friends of our bank—and we were their friend. Today they are gone. But our books contain other names, comparable in stature and brilliance.

The city is bigger; the bank is bigger; but the spirit of friendship, we like to believe, is as genuine as ever.

We hope some day to have the privilege of serving you. Whether you are interested in establishing a commercial banking connection, opening a checking account, obtaining a Personal Loan or a Letter of Credit, creating a Trust Fund or arranging for Safe Deposit facilities, The National City Bank of New York is at your service. "The Branch Around the Corner Can Serve You Around the World."

We consider no service too large, no service too small for those with whom we do business.



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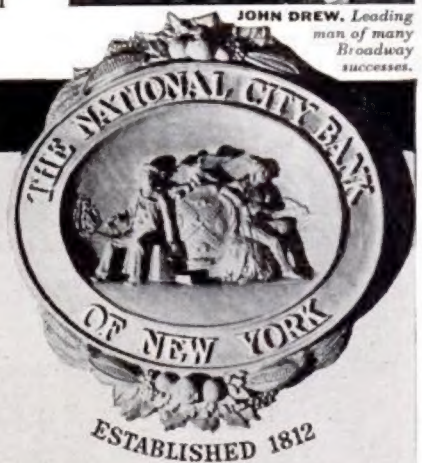
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Use **VITALIS** and the "60-Second Workout"

THIS is the time of the year for happy family reunions...for romance...for festive celebrations and glorious parties. It's the time of the year when pride in personal appearance hits a new high—and good grooming justifies a little extra attention.

Thanks to Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout," good-looking hair is a holiday asset—a year-round asset—that's easy to have.

"60-SECOND WORKOUT"

This brisk massage takes the tonic effects of Vitalis right down to the very hair roots themselves. This quickly loosens the tight skin of your dry scalp...stimulates new circulation...and restores the flow of hair-nourishing oils.

Your scalp responds with tingling vitality. Loose dandruff disappears, and with it goes one threat of falling hair. Yet there's no trace of objectionable "patent-leather" shine. For your hair gleams with a natural, good-looking lustre.



1 50 SECONDS to rub—hair-nourishing oils are replenished. Circulation quickens. Your hair takes on new life and lustre.



2 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—hair looks rich and lustrous, but with no objectionable "patent-leather" shine.

Think of your sweetheart, wife or mother. They like to see you looking your best. So give your hair the little attention it needs by starting your "60-Second Workouts" with Vitalis today.



ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. He is recommending Vitalis in the new single application Sealube. It is the *most* sanitary package ever made. Be sure to get a Sealube.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME



SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . LIFE HEARS FROM ITS READERS



Bums Burned Out

Sirs:

These pictures by the writer illustrate the burning of a hobo jungle here in the city. More than a score of men inhabiting the jungle were made homeless when police, out on a clean-up, swept in and set fire to the little huts of tarpaper and tin. Some of the men were eating breakfast when the firing started. Others had left earlier to work on odd jobs. Inmates of the jungle, built on the site of a city dump, had varied occupations. Some scoured the local dumps for odd dollars. Others were skilled workers. The village provided its own recreation. Horseshoe pitch-

ing was most popular. One fellow had a garden he fooled with. Others built elaborate fireplaces of secondhand brick, lining paths to their doors with discarded cinders.

Approximately three weeks were required to build each hut of tarpaper and tin. In three hours, everything was demolished. The village residents did not understand that the conditions under which they lived were encouraging to a typhoid epidemic. They did not know that they were defeating the purpose of government-endowed transient camps.

ORMAL I. SPRUNGMAN

Minneapolis, Minn.



Governor's Father

Sirs:

Introducing one of Kentucky's busiest men—the father of Governor A. B. ("Happy") Chandler. He holds four regular jobs in his home town in addition to being a substitute rural mail carrier, keeping two cows and, in the summer, making a garden and tending to his strawberry and raspberry patches. They are: 1) night-telephone operator at Corydon, Ky., 2) caretaker and 3) express agent at the depot, and 4) deliverer of the town's mail between the depot and the postoffice. He uses a wheelbarrow for this.

HUGH O. POTTER

Owensboro, Ky.

Rosenstein's Models

Sirs:

Relative to the picture story of Nettie Rosenstein and her dressmaking in the Dec. 14 issue of LIFE, an impression seems to have gotten around that one model was used for all the photographs of the black dress on the first spread. This impression is quite wrong. Since I took the pictures I ought to know. The well-dressed model with Mrs. Rosenstein at the top of the spread is not the same model whose legs are shown in the lower right-hand corner. Nor is she the model getting into the dress in the lower left-hand corner. In fact, several models were used . . .

ANDRÉ DA MIANO

New York, N.Y.

LIFE never said that all the Rosenstein models were one and the same girl, regrets that its pictures conveyed that erroneous impression.

Horse's Tail

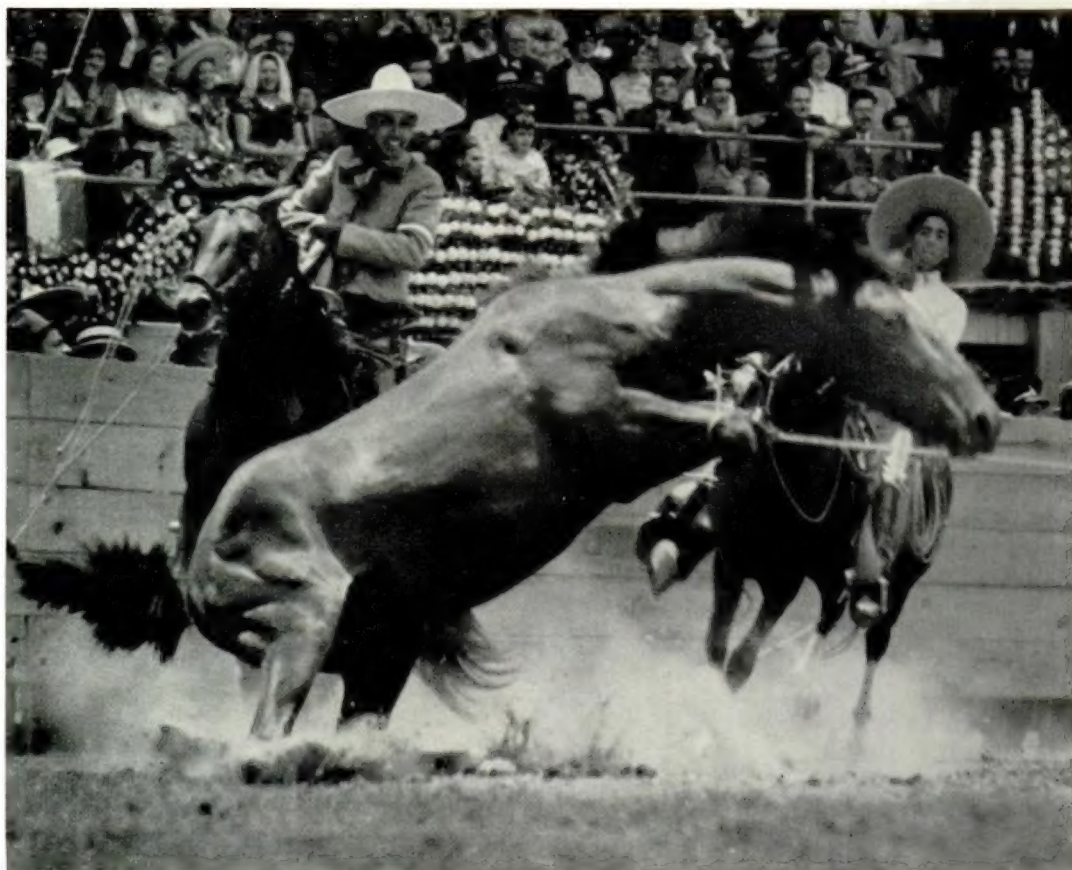
Sirs:

Here's what a horse's tail looks like when he is scared. This picture was taken in that tiny instant just after the horse had been caught by the forelegs while at a dead run, and just before a fall so hard that the horse landed first on its back. A shutter speed of one one-thousandth of a second caught the hairs in the tail standing out at right angles in a position which even Mexican *charros* had never observed before. This action is so fast that while the tail may appear like this at every fall, no one has ever been quick enough to see it. Note also the magnificent play of muscles in the right flank as the horse tries to keep his feet.

A Graflex was used, with a 7¼-in. Ross lens at f:5.6.

KIP ROSS

New York, N.Y.





Missouri Legs

Sirs:

Not Florida bathing beauties, not Broadway chorines, not professional models, but American college girls have the most beautiful legs in the world. I have been on the campus of the University of Missouri and I know. This picture is just an average sample. She's Jean Campbell taken as she rests between rehearsals for a Missouri School of Journalism musical comedy. Had it not been for me, the world would never have seen those legs, because, at the "suggestion" of the dean of women, co-ed dancers in the Missouri U. show wear below-the-knee skirts.

W. H. BROWN

Columbia, Mo.



Abraham Merritt (above), editor of Hearst's *American Weekly*, released this X-ray picture of his skull to Father Will Whalen thus: "Beloved—Sure, go ahead and use these skull pictures any way you like that will make any money for you. My life is an open book, so why not my head—Satan."

Satan's Head

Sirs:

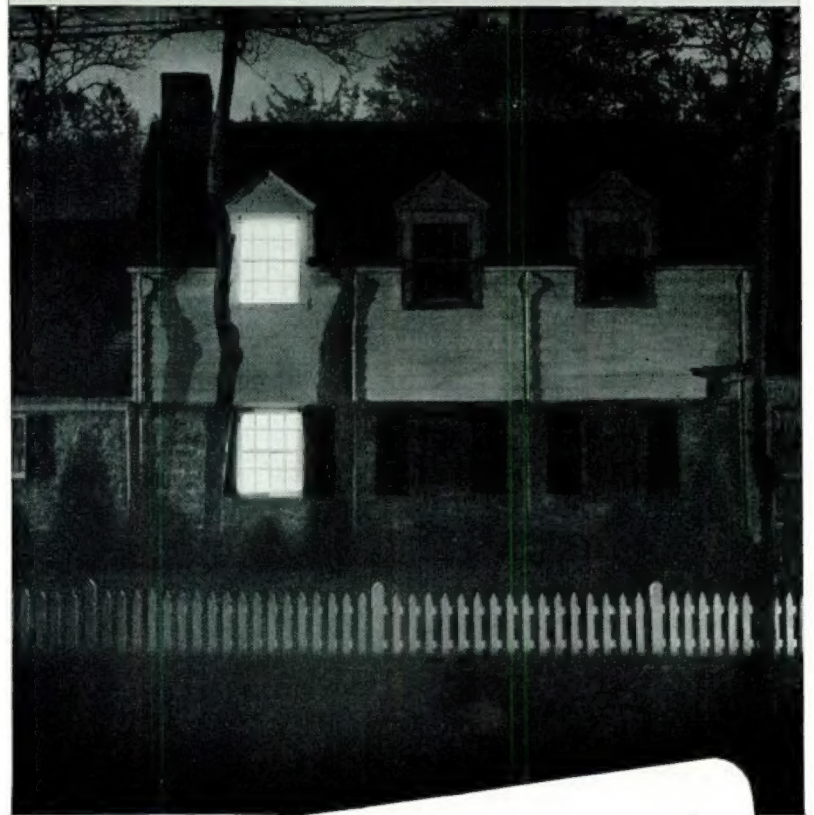
I thought ye might be able to use the photos I'm sending. Pictures of A. Merritt, author of the recent Lionel Barrymore movie, "Devil Doll." Made from Merritt's novel, "Burn Witch Burn!" That is how an author looks when ye git under his skin! Merritt gives me permission to use the pictures. He calls himself "Satan" because we nicknamed him that when he wrote "7 Footprints to Satan."

FATHER WILL WHALEN

Ortanna, Adams Co., Pa.



TROUBLE... at 22 Winterset Street



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1936

- I swear I'm leaving John for good!
- I worked like blazes over that dinner party—but now he says my lunas didn't look nice—and he's sure the guests noticed.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1936

- Can you beat it? Mother says my clothes do have that tattle-tale gray look. It's not my fault, she claims, but my soap doesn't wash perfectly clean. Guess I better take her advice and change to her pet soap.

MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1936

- Wh-e-e-e! Fels-Naptha did the trick. That grand golden soap is so packful of naptha it washes spic-and-span and John's as pleased as pie. From this day on, I'm telling the world—
- BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

© 1936, FELS & CO.



THE PERFECT FOOTBALL FACE . . .

. . . belongs to Earl ("Dutch") Clark, 30-year-old quarterback on the Detroit Lions professional football team. He is the highest scoring and highest paid player in the National League. This photograph of him is the most famous modern portrait of a football player. It was snapped on the playing field two years ago by William Kuenzel, head photographer of the *Detroit News*, who was reminded of a Roman gladiator by Clark's helmeted head.

The *News* reprinted the photograph early in December and next day had 10,000 requests for copies. The Lions inserted 9,000 prints in a program and after the game had to fill requests for 2,000 more copies. They still have 5,000 unfilled requests. Among the people who already have copies of Quarterback Clark are Walter P. Chrysler, Bette Davis, Alfred E. Smith, Bing Crosby and John M. Doyle, Chancellor of the Detroit Diocese.



A devotee's back is cut with glass.



He starts to church, bleeding profusely.



He collapses under his self-flagellation.



He carries his cross into church.

Philippine Flagellantes

Sirs:

The story of the Flagellantes of the Pampanga Province, Philippine Islands, is one of the best I have taken. The Flagellantes of the Philippines are devotees of the Five Wounds of Christ, and inflict severe punishment on their bodies to atone for their sins. The sect of self-tormentors is to be found in almost all of the Christian provinces. The enclosed pictures were taken in Pampanga Province March 19, 1935. These ceremonies start on Holy Thursday. The real ordeal begins about 8 o'clock on Good Friday.

OLIVE C. BRUNER
San Antonio, Tex.



Prostrate in the yard, his sins are forgiven.

Footprints in Colorado

Sirs:

Here we have the unusual thrill of discovering a dinosaur trail in stone! These huge footprints are just as when they were made in the mud of Jurassic days about 160 million years ago. The ancient footprints were discovered in the valley of the Picketwire-Purgatoire river, about 25 miles south of La Junta, Colorado. While no petroleum in commercial quantities has been developed in adjacent regions, the site is not far distant from the rich oil fields of western Kansas and northern Oklahoma. The discovery is too recent to have been examined by qualified paleontologists—hence the exact identity of the ancient reptiles has not been positively determined. Two things are certain: the large three-toed tracks were those of a flesh-eating dinosaur; the great circular prints, 30 inches in diameter, were made by a vegetarian who subsisted on the tropical plants in the swamps which ages turned into coal deposits.

JOHN S. MACCLARY
Pueblo, Colo.



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Holds snapshots snugly, in groups. Lets you lift them out in a jiffy to pass among your friends. Simple, compact, systematic.

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Thoreau once wrote "My life is like a stroll upon the beach." After devouring your publication, I can truly say, "Your LIFE is like a stroll from one end of the world to the other." . . . Far exceeds my expectations . . . Turning each page of LIFE is like the dawning of a new day of life; . . . I like it so much I have shown it to many of my friends. They flock around me and want to be next to look it over.

Lester L. Wood
Stillwater, Okla.

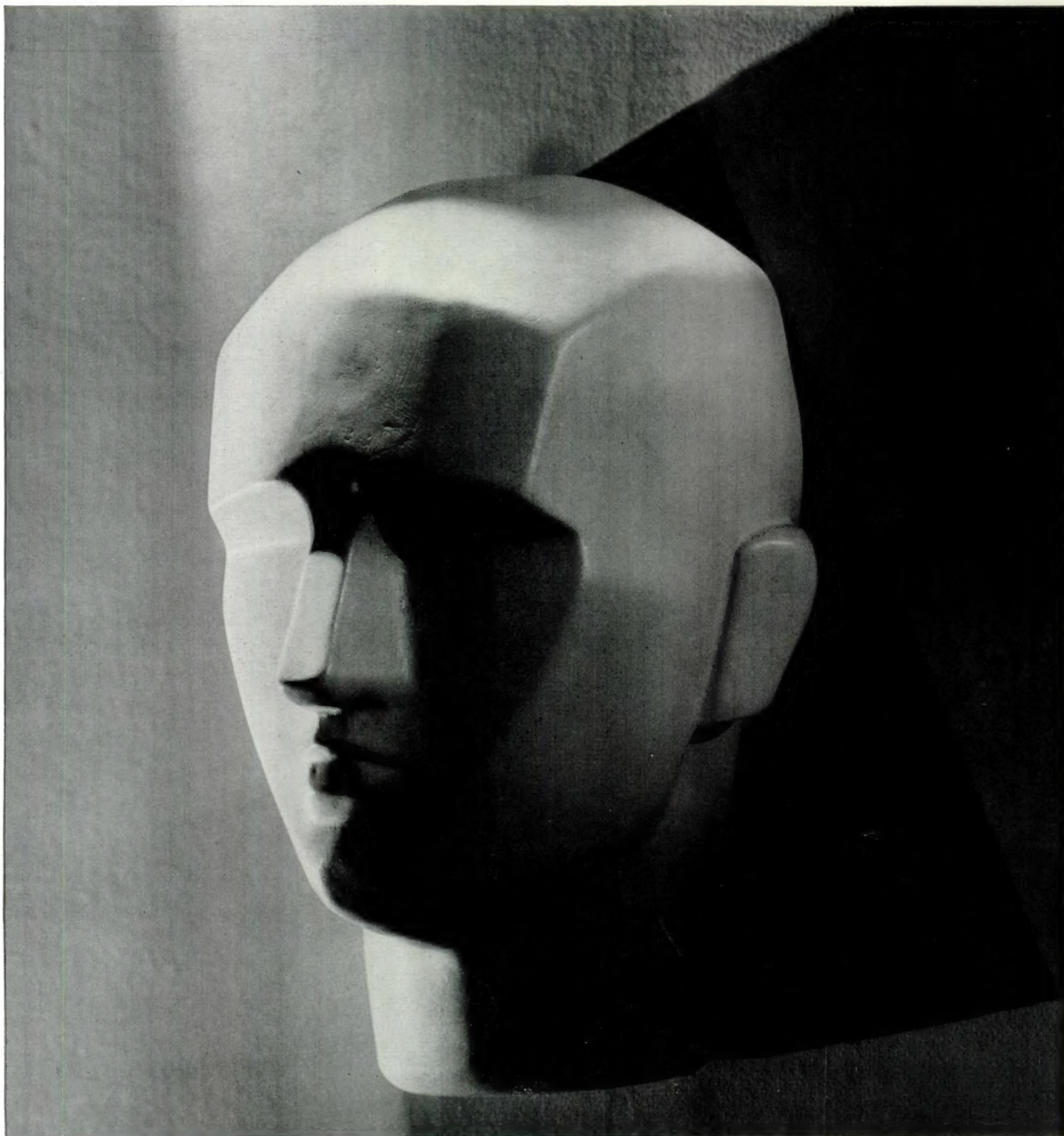
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FACES

EACH YEAR across front page and cinema screen parade faces—notable faces—notorious faces. From youth to oldster, 1936 knew well the drooping forelock of Adolf Hitler, the determined chin of Mussolini. Indelible in their memory is the lean harried profile of Edward VIII, the deep-centered eyes of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

During 1937, to the distinguished gallery of statesmen, rulers and leaders that have appeared in the March of Time, will be added the interesting

new faces that the new year brings to prominence. But just as interesting and sometimes even more dramatic, when focused against the background of world news, will be the faces of 1937's average people. Unconsciously their everyday existence is colored by a nation's economic stress, a party's drive for power, or a dictator's dream of empire. In their faces, the March of Time believes, the plots and plans of 1937's history-makers will be mirrored most clearly, judged most impartially.



"GREATEST SOPRANO since JENNY LIND"



"Deanna Durbin possesses more charm, more poise, more personality than a half dozen of the biggest feminine stars in Hollywood today," says Eddie Cantor. *You* will agree when you see her in her first motion picture, "Three Smart Girls."

Hard-boiled critics blinked tears out of their eyes and listened with raptured amazement to the golden voice of 14-year-old Deanna Durbin in the preview of her first moving picture, "Three Smart Girls."

The sensational singing star of Eddie Cantor's Sunday night radio program has suddenly become the most startling find on the movie horizon. Opera critics old enough to remember Jenny Lind in her Castle Garden debut are comparing the sweet natural qualities of Deanna Durbin's voice with the "Swedish Nightingale."

Even more astonishing is the acting ability of this sparkling-eyed 14-year-old girl. "She has the screen presence of a Garbo," says Louella Parsons. "I want to prophesy here and now that 'Three Smart Girls' will take its place with 'Libeled Lady,' 'My Man Godfrey' and other top-notch comedies of the current season."

The scene you will never forget . . .



In an exquisitely tender song, *Penny* (Deanna Durbin) appeals to her father to give up his foolish romance. Deeply stirred by his daughter's lovely voice, *Judson Craig* (Charles Winninger) begins to regret his rash love.

The new UNIVERSAL presents
DEANNA DURBIN
in

3 Smart Girls

with BINNIE BARNES

ALICE BRADY · RAY MILLAND

Charles Winninger · Mischa Auer

Nan Grey · Barbara Read

Directed by Henry Koster

Associate Producer, Joseph Pasternak

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer



Binnie Barnes—Hollywood's favorite blonde menace, matches wits with the tender love of three smart girls—and loses out.



Ray Milland—Traveling incognito, champions the cause of three appealing girls against a shrewd gold digger.



Alice Brady—Première comedienne of the screen, again plays the scheming mother, plotting for a rich man's millions.



THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE SPEAKS TO HIS GARDENER

THE young man at the left in the picture above is getting the same treatment which the United States House of Representatives will get, beginning Jan. 5. He is "Doc" and he works in Jasper, Alabama, as gardener to the Hon. William Brockman Bankhead, Speaker of the House. "Doc's" job is to tend the Bankhead zinnias and keep an eye on

the Bankhead birdhouse, which is occupied by a family of cardinals. "Doc" and the House of Representatives are similar in one respect. Both work better when ruled with a firm hand. That hand is Mr. Bankhead's. When the 75th Congress meets it will be his job to get through the House probably the longest list of major legislation since the first

year of the New Deal. The Speakership is a killing job. Mr. Bankhead's two predecessors succumbed after short terms. Mr. Bankhead himself spent most of the last session of Congress in a hospital, suffering from acute indigestion and heart trouble. He is stronger now, having rested up for six months at his lovely home in Jasper (*see next page*).



This beautiful home is the seat of the First Family of Alabama.



Speaker and Mrs. Bankhead and Zip find this glider on the porch a cool spot on a hot day.

THE BANKHEADS OF JASPER

(CONTINUED)

THE people of Jasper, Ala., think that the house above is pretty big for two people and a fox terrier. But the Bankheads are the first family of Alabama. William B. Bankhead has been a member of Congress since 1917, Speaker of the House since last June. His father, John Hollis Bankhead, was for many years a Senator and his elder brother, the second John Hollis, sits in the Senate now. Living in northern Alabama since before the Civil War, when it owned many slaves, the Bankhead family has left its mark on the countryside. There is a town of Bankhead, a Bankhead Highway, more recently a Bankhead Farmsteads Resettlement Project where cotton may be planted under the Bankhead Act of 1934. Speaker and Mrs. Bankhead live quietly with three servants besides "Doc," the Negro gardener. Since Mr. Bankhead's illness they have not traveled much. But recently they left their home, headed north. On December 15 they arrived in Washington to prepare for the opening of the 75th Congress.



Jasper, home of the Bankheads, is a Deep South town of 5,313 inhabitants. On the platform of its little railroad station, darkies doze in the Alabama sunshine.



The region around Jasper is redundant with the name of Bankhead. Five miles away is the town of Bankhead, little more than a stop on the Southern Railway. The Bankhead Hotel is named for the Bankhead Highway which was named for the Speaker's father. The Bankhead Mine, selling Bankhead Coal, was owned by the family until 1927. A new addition to the sign display is that of the Bankhead Farmsteads, reminding Alabamians that they have a potent son in Washington.



The Jasper postoffice building houses Mr. Bankhead's office. The Speaker has two rooms on the second floor in the front right-hand corner, but since his recent illness rarely visits them.



Outside of Politics, the Speaker's chief interest is his famous daughter Tallulah, now starring in *Reflected Glory*.

His hobby is collecting former Speakers' gavels. From top to bottom, these were used by Clark, Gillett, Longworth, Garner, Rainey, Byrns, Mr. Bankhead.

In Washington



Not sure but decidedly hopeful of getting Majority Leadership in the new House of Representatives when it meets on Jan. 5, is Texas'

Sam Rayburn (*left*). His chief backer is Vice-President Garner (*above*), a Texas "neighbor" who lives as far away as Detroit is from Washington.



Perfectly sure of his job as chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, is James Paul Buchanan (*seated*). As the chief Congressional spender, he plans to take no nonsense from Budget Director Bell (*standing*).

Ousting Prexy



Curious students at the University of Wisconsin peered into the meeting room of the Board of Regents in Bascom Hall on Dec. 16. Led by Chairman Harold Wilkie,

(*left in picture at right*), the Regents were advising Wisconsin's President Glenn Frank (*right*) to resign or be fired. Backing Regent Wilkie is progressive Governor Philip



La Follette, who has long been exasperated by Dr. Frank's shifty kind of liberalism. Dr. Frank rallied student and alumni support, was promised a public trial.

Mother Found



Forty-one years ago Richard D. Foster (*right*) was left by his mother in a Nebraska maternity home. The home gave the baby away. Recently



Foundling Foster, an odd-job worker in Scottsbluff, Neb., advertised for his lost mother. Mrs. Camilla Warner (*left*) of Los Angeles claimed her son.

Father Found



On a California highway near Sonora, the Rev. Chester Hill (*left*) picked up an elderly hitch-hiker. The oldster turned out to be his long lost father, Clark Hill (*right*), home after years in the Navy.

Mrs. Harkness' Giant Panda



In a tree trunk in Szechuan Province, China, on Nov. 9, Mrs. William Harvest Harkness Jr. of New York found a baby giant panda. It was the end of a two-year search by Mrs. Harkness and her late husband for this rare

animal which resembles a small bear. Elated she named it Su-Lin, took it to Shanghai, had a run-in with customs officials, secluded herself and Su-Lin in the Palace Hotel. There she cuddled it (*left*) allowed two young

American friends to play with it (*center*), fed it from a bottle (*right*). Finally she paid a special customs fee and sailed for San Francisco where she arrived on Dec. 18, with the first giant panda ever brought back alive.



Artists Asleep

Thirty workers on the Chicago theatrical arts project of the WPA held a stay-in strike, beginning on Dec. 12. In one small, windowless room of the Merchandise Mart they lived, ate, squawked, slept. Finally WPA Administrator Harry Hopkins met their demand that discharged workers be reinstated. The strikers put forward more demands, sat tight.

In Nick Roberts' Barn

THREE hundred Yalermen gathered on Dec. 12 in the big white barn (below) of Banker "Nick" Roberts for the annual Barn Party of the Yale Club of Montclair, N. J. The serious purpose of the Barn Party is to honor some alumnus who has "won his 'Y' in life." This year's Y-man was Frederick Ely Williamson, president of the New York Central Railroad.



"Fight, Fight for Yale" is sung under the direction of its composer, Lawyer Stanleigh P. Friedman, Class of 1905. Songster Friedman is not getting proper co-operation from Prof. Arnold Whitridge (left) and Banker Paul Crane (right).



Nostalgia at the bar overcomes two old grads, Richard W. Baker, Class of 1913 and Fred S. Kellogg, Class of 1897. Guests consumed five barrels of beer, 200 lb. of peanuts.



Lanny Ross, Class of 1928, who was captain of the Yale track team before he became a crooner, has better success than Mr. Friedman in stirring the guests to song.



For "winning his 'Y' in life," Frederick Ely Williamson, Class of 1898, president of the New York Central Railroad, receives a silver bowl from Host Nick Roberts.

James W. Gerard Elects a President



The Electoral College, the nation's most superfluous political body, met by States on Dec. 14 to fulfill its Constitutional duty of electing a President and Vice President of the U. S. One of the 47 New York electors, who met

in Albany, was James W. Gerard, wealthy lawyer and wartime Ambassador to Germany. The picture at left shows Mr. Gerard leaving his home, No. 1014 Fifth Ave., New York City, at 8 a.m. He boards a train (center) which

carries him up the shore of the Hudson toward Albany. "I always say the Hudson is more beautiful than the Rhine," affirms Mr. Gerard to his Pullman companions. At 11 o'clock he reaches the State Capitol (above).



He is greeted outside the Executive Chamber by one of the other electors, Herbert Bayard Swope (left), onetime editor.

The electors get down to business, with James A. Farley and Governor Herbert Lehman (front row center) sitting in as guests. While Mr. Gerard (foreground, back to camera) takes notes, three vacancies in the college are ceremoniously filled.

Lunch is at Hotel De Witt Clinton with Harriet T. Mack, a fellow elector and widow of Norman Mack, onetime Democratic National Chairman.



A surprise for Mr. Gerard: he is elected president of the college, welcomed to the rostrum by Morgan J. O'Brien Sr., retiring president.

At last Mr. Gerard casts his vote. Into an aluminum cylinder he drops two pieces of cardboard, one for Roosevelt and one (shown above) for Garner. The ballots are left-overs from a large batch which was engraved in 1932.

In Washington next morning Vice President Garner tallies up the votes. For Roosevelt & Garner, 523; for Landon & Knox, 8. "We're elected!"

Bog Buggy

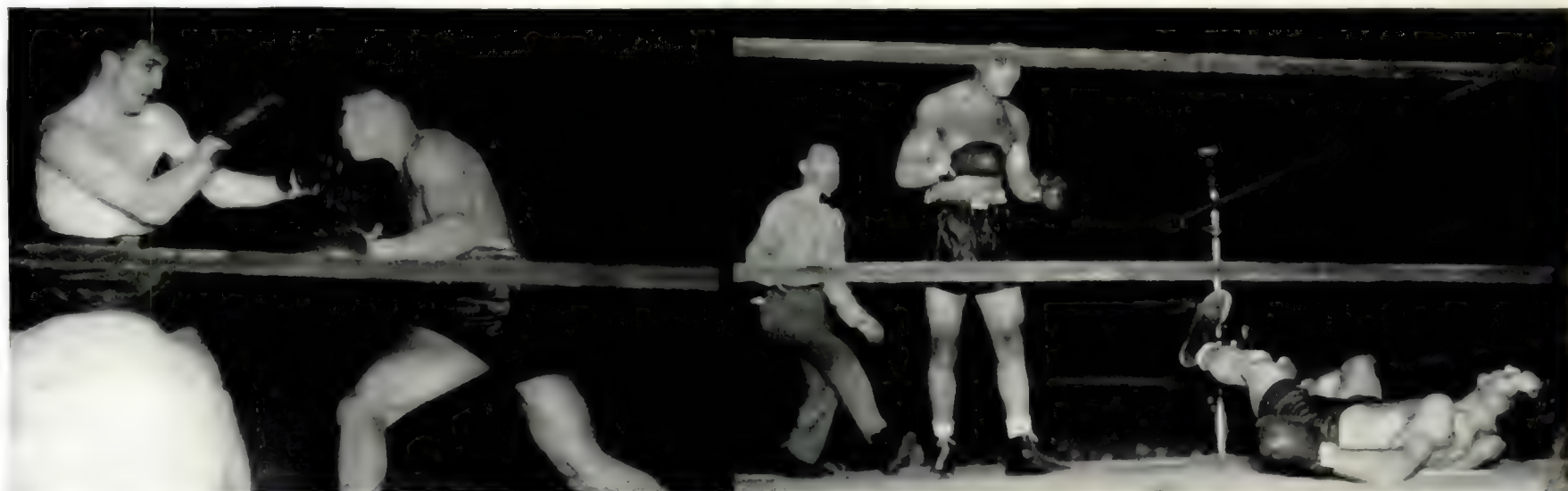


This amphibian was recently built by the Gulf Oil Corp. for its prospectors in Louisiana bogs. Running on the four biggest tires ever manufactured, it makes 35 m.p.h.

on solid ground, 12 m.p.h. in a swamp. In water the tires and wheel drums keep it afloat, the treads act as paddles and the buggy makes 6 knots. Cautious pros-

pectors, however, carry a life jacket on the rear platform (above). One highway official refused the bog buggy a permit because he could not imagine such a vehicle.

One-Punch Fight



Eleven thousand Clevelanders paid \$49,827 to see a scheduled ten-round fight between Joe Louis and a local boxer named Eddie Simms. Boxer Simms came out of

his corner, took three nervous pokes at Louis. Boxer Louis sized him up, cocked his left. Boxer Simms looked scared. The left connected with Simms's cheek, sent

him sprawling for the count of eight. As he reeled groggily to his feet, the referee stepped in, declared the fight ended by a technical knockout 26 seconds after it began.

Christmas



Each in its own way, U. S. cities recognized Christmas. Miami Beach issued the picture on the left with the caption: "The old boy comes down to the beach with just

what lovely Joan wants for Christmas. The other presents are nice too." Summit, N. J. considered itself lucky to have as Santa Claus the World's Biggest Policeman

(center), Sgt. Patrick Joseph Kelly, 429 lb. Seattle's bright idea was a street car Santa (above) who cruises about in a car decked with red ribbons and evergreen.

Tough Tony's Gang



Four frightened gunmen lined up in a New York courtroom Dec. 15 to receive sentence for first degree murder. Said their leader, "Tough Tony" Garlauso (*left*): "Give me the works." Raymond Norton and Watson Edwards

(*centre*) said nothing. Harry Eisenberg (*right*) covered his twitching face. Then each of them was sentenced to death for killing a restaurant proprietor. Next day Tough Tony and his gang arrived at Sing Sing (*below*)

feeling cockier. Tony and Edwards (*handcuffed together*) and Norton grinned. Eisenberg still covered his face. To accommodate them, along with its 23 other condemned men, Sing Sing added four new cells to the Death Row.



Gone With The Wind

PASSES THE MILLION MARK AND ATTRACTS
THOUSANDS OF READERS TO GEORGIA SCENES LIKE THESE

ON DEC. 15 the Macmillan Company printed the millionth copy of *Gone With The Wind* and thereby broke all records with Margaret Mitchell's enormously popular novel of Civil War Georgia. To its publishers this 1,037-page opus, at \$3 a copy, has brought a \$600,000 profit in the six months it has been out. To its 34-year-old author it has brought a fame no novelist ever before achieved with her first book. To its readers, besides a good story, it has brought a vast curiosity about Georgia and Atlanta. Tourists swarm over Clayton County looking for Tara, flock up Peachtree Street searching for Aunt Pitty's house. Neither ever really existed and only the movies will bring Scarlett O'Hara into being. Nevertheless with the aid of Miss Mitchell, *LIFE* herewith presents pictures of landmarks which find their fictitious counterpart in *Gone With The Wind*.



The staircase at Tara looked like this one in the Samuel House north of Atlanta. Down it, in Miss Mitchell's imagination, 16-year-old Scarlett O'Hara walked in 1861 to marry, out of pure pique, young Charles Hamilton. Over the same bannister, four years later, Scarlett poked her dead husband's pistol and killed the thieving Yankee deserter in the hall below.



Like Aunt Pitty's house on Peachtree Street, where Scarlett helped Melanie have her baby during the battle of Atlanta, the old mansion at left is one of the pre-Civil War houses still standing. In it the military governor of Georgia gave balls for Yankee officers and scoundrels—people scorned by Aunt Pitty and Melanie, but not by Captain and Mrs. Rhett Butler.



The Battle of Kennesaw Mountain is well remembered by Lucinda Hardage (*left*) who was 16 in June, 1864 and still lives on the mountain. She was out in the field picking beans for supper and, despite repeated warnings, refused to go into the house until Confederate General Loring dismounted and finished picking the beans himself. To Scarlett O'Hara, 22 miles away in Atlanta, that battle seemed a victory. But in three days, the Confederates dropped back to Atlanta, and there, with Hood replacing Johnston, fought the losing engagement shown below.

The Battle of Atlanta is vividly enacted in the cyclorama below, which stands in Atlanta's Grant Park and is now visited by hundreds of *Gone With The Wind* readers. The cyclorama shows that, while a Rhett Butler made a fortune running cotton through the Yankee blockade, the South used bales of its unexportable surplus for breastworks. Originally painted by Yankees in Milwaukee, the cyclorama has now been restored by the WPA.



PICTURE FACTS ABOUT THE BOOK

(CONTINUED)

THERE were no illustrations in *Gone With The Wind* but if some had been needed, the rare photographs on this page would have served admirably. The top four were taken in 1864 after Scarlett had fled Atlanta. They show the war-wrecked town to which she returned to scrape up money for taxes on her beloved Tara. At the bottom of the page are two modern photographs of scenes which evoke incidents in the novel.



After Scarlett fled, Sherman ordered Atlanta evacuated and crippled beyond Confederate use. Above: the railroad depot, cars piled high with refugees' belongings. Right: the same depot after the Yankees blew it up. To this depot, teeming with Confederate wounded, ran Scarlett the day Melanie was in childbirth to get Dr. Meade. She found him too busy with death to have time for life.



General Hood blew up this foundry and a hundred ammunition cars the night after his defeat at Jonesboro, which meant the loss of Atlanta. On her nightmarish flight to Tara, Scarlett O'Hara heard the explosions as she turned off Peachtree Street in the rickety wagon, with Rhett Butler at her side and Melanie, her baby and Prissy behind.



Belle Watling's brothel was down near the railroad tracks, probably not far from the building in the photograph above which is labelled "Billiard-Saloon." General Sherman ordered that every commercial building in Atlanta be destroyed but exempted private dwellings and enterprises. Hence the saloon was spared but not the bank next door.

This Confederate cemetery (below) is a few miles from mythical Tara. In it lie the unknown Confederate soldiers who fell in the battle of Jonesboro. *Gone With The Wind* has revived interest in this long-neglected spot whose entrance is now being restored.



At this corner in Rough & Ready (below) Scarlett turned off the main road to Tara the night she escaped from Atlanta. So real is that episode to Miss Mitchell that, in passing this corner, she talks of it as factually as of the Baptist orphanage in the background.



PICTURE FACTS ON THE AUTHOR

MMARGARET MITCHELL is small, red-haired, 34, and has lost 17 pounds since *Gone With The Wind* was published. After a couple of years at Smith College, she became a feature writer on the *Atlanta Journal*, began her novel while laid up with arthritis in 1926. Three years later she finished it. In 1935, Harold Latham of Macmillan Co. was in Atlanta, told her that he heard she had written a novel. A couple of days later she called on Mr. Latham, dumped her huge manuscript in his lap. Since publication, hats, poems, cartoons, birthday cards have been inspired by her novel. Selznick International paid \$50,000 for movie rights and the first English edition was sold out before publication. Miss Mitchell refuses to write other books or stories. She is amused that certain plantation owners are making money by showing off their houses as Tara while gasoline stations readily locate the O'Hara place for tourists, usually putting it far away so they can sell more gasoline. Miss Mitchell was very careful to describe Tara so that no one could place it specifically.



Margaret Mitchell's husband is John Marsh, advertising head of Georgia Power Co. He hates to hear *Gone* mentioned.



Margaret Mitchell was first married to a Mr. Upshaw. Of a devout Catholic family, she divorced him and remarried.



Margaret Mitchell lives in this apartment house on an Atlanta side-street. In apartment 9, she revised her novel. Now she is having her furniture re-upholstered.



Her father lives on Peachtree Street (above), where Aunt Pitty lived, specializes in Atlanta history.



Scarlett O'Hara's dresses looked like these actual Civil War gowns. Miss Mitchell took microscopic care to check all detail of dress and history.



That no Gerald O'Hara, Scarlett's hard-drinking and hard-riding father, ever lived in Savannah, Miss Mitchell first made sure. After her book came out, the Vatican named the Most Reverend Gerald O'Hara (above) as Bishop of Savannah.

Something new in Russia



This young Soviet factory woman is preparing to nurse her baby. Every morning at 10, she goes from her place on the production line of the Kharkov Tractor Plant to the plant nursery. Here she puts on a white smock, a handkerchief, and felt slippers.



A maid or relative meanwhile has brought the baby from the mother's home to what the Soviet Government proudly calls "the hygienic feeding room." Trays of antiseptic solution on the table with which she first

washes her nipples, a footstool to help her form a comfortable lap, and slits in her sterilized smock to emit her breast, assure these Red mothers that there will be few germs in their babies' dinner. After feeding her

And in the U. S. eleven stations now supply babies with mother's



Los Angeles mothers with not enough or too much milk for their babies register at the Wet Nursing Bureau of the California Babies' Hospital, one of eleven U. S. stations for bottling and distributing mother's milk. A nurse is taking the name of this young mother with extra milk



for sale. Her milk is analyzed, her blood tested to make sure that hers is a Grade A product. If so, she is permitted to bring to the hospital at least 16 oz. of her milk each morning. This she sells at 7¢ an oz. (\$1.12 a pint). She must also bring her own baby to convince doctors it is well nourished.



Before she leaves the hospital, an electric pump extracts from the breast, the remaining milk not needed by her offspring. Some mothers furnish 60 oz. of milk a day. One Los Angeles woman broke all records last year, furnished 80 oz. daily, was paid \$2,000.

Something newer in France

The Maternity Hospital at No. 123 Boulevard de Port Royal, in Paris, started a new milk service for small orphans on Nov. 20. At right you see the beginning of it. This French mother who has more milk than her own baby needs, is giving the surplus to the motherless youngster in the crib. An electric pump draws her milk through a sterile glass funnel into a sterile bottle, thence into a larger bottle on the opposite side of the machine.



Private wet nurses for Parisian infants are about to lose their jobs because they are considered insanitary. The Maternity Hospital is preparing to distribute bottled mother's milk throughout the city. Strictest surveillance for purity is maintained. Thus would France reduce her infant mortality rate (one baby out of ten) and increase her birth rate (630,000 babies a year) to breed sufficient soldiers to match her militarized neighbor across the Rhine.



youngster, each mother is given cocoa, bread and butter. Then she returns to her factory job. At 3 p.m. the process is repeated. Begun last month in Kharkov, this system is spreading rapidly to other Soviet plants.

milk at \$4 a Pint



Milk from all the mothers is pooled, poured into square bottles, sealed and pasteurized at a temperature of 145° for immediate consumption. Tin boxes with handles are used for carriers. Thus packed, mother's milk costs 25c an ounce (\$4 a pint) for those who can pay, nothing for those who cannot.



Surplus milk is poured into aluminum molds to be frozen into handy little lozenges. Stored in jars in a dry ice cabinet, they keep indefinitely in a temperature of 10° below zero, may be shipped across the continent and melted back into fluid when needed.

BURCHFIELD'S AMERICA

THE best landscape painter within several hundred miles of Buffalo, N. Y. is named Charles E. Burchfield. In fact, some critics will tell you that you will have to go several thousand miles from Buffalo to find Burchfield's peer. For skunk cabbages Artist Burchfield has a special fondness because, he says, "they look like penguins." On the right you see this topnotch landscapist bending over one of his water colors of a skunk cabbage. On the following pages you will find other examples of his work, exhibited recently at the Rehn Galleries in New York. Unlike his contemporaries—John Curry (see *LIFE*, Nov. 23), Thomas Benton, Reginald Marsh, Grant Wood and Edward Hopper, Burchfield rarely includes human figures in his lonely but honest pictures of the American scene. Typical of his work is the house reproduced on the opposite page. Burchfield was born the son of a tailor 43 years ago in Ohio. From high school he went to the Cleveland Art School, worked summers in an automobile parts factory and painted countless pictures on the side. In 1916 he sold his first for \$25. Today you may have to pay as high as \$2,500 for a good Burchfield. In 1921, largely through the efforts of George Bellows, Burchfield won a prize in Cleveland for *False Front*, now owned by the Metropolitan. From 1921 to 1928 he designed wallpaper for a Buffalo firm. Now he does nothing but paint the pictures—about a dozen a year—which have established him as preëminent in his field.





BURCHFIELD FOUND THIS "HOUSE OF MYSTERY" IN BUFFALO, PAINTED IT BY MOONLIGHT.

Burchfield's America



"Six O'clock" (above) is a dingy time of day in a dreary suburb of identical homes. Burchfield relieves the drabness with cheerful yellow light from the snow-banked kitchen.



"Road and Rain" is what a driver sees through his windshield in wet weather. Burchfield loves to drive an automobile for recreation. This is one of the few pictures painted beyond Burchfield's immediate environment.



"Wire Fence in Snow" is what Burchfield sees when he looks out of his studio at Gardenville, N.Y., on a wintry day. Most of his other subjects are equally near-at-hand. This new picture lacks the overdramatized, sentimental technique of his early work.

"In Memoriam" (below) resulted from a visit to a dilapidated, fenceless graveyard where the names Zipporah and Ziba caught Burchfield's eye. Note the Union veteran's star marker in the background.



Burchfield at Home

"Pussy Willows" (right) includes the artist's own smock, is the nearest thing to a self-portrait Burchfield ever did. Started during a cold spell, it was only half-completed when a thaw nearly ruined the refracted light from the snow outside.

"Over the Dam" depicts the last gleam of daylight over Gardenville, a short distance from Burchfield's home across Buffalo Creek. No American artist can paint sombre twilights better than Burchfield.





Left to right: Mary Alice, Catherine Esther, Charles Arthur, Sarah Ruth and Martha Elizabeth Burchfield.

CHARLES BURCHFIELD dislikes artists' colonies, golf and bridge. Tall, taciturn, unassuming, he prefers the quiet Gardenville suburb of Buffalo, N. Y., where he and his family have lived since 1925. Some day he hopes to sell his green and white frame house and move to a farm. The snapshots above, taken by his wife Bertha, show Burchfield at ease with Skippy (now dead), and the Burchfield brood of four girls and a boy. All but the eldest putter with paints. Burchfield likes gardening, is fond of wild flowers, says the skunk cabbage should be the U.S. national flower. He spends much time listening to symphonic records on his phonograph, much time making picture frames and writing, which he does with his left hand. The better comic strips appeal to him, as does Negro dance music, "not the sweet emasculations of Paul Whiteman." He is wary of newspaper interviews ever since a Buffalo reporter stupidly described him as a former coal miner with no art training. Of America he says: "This is the place for me."



Christmas Morning was painted off the record seven years ago for Mrs. Burchfield, who will not sell it.



LINDY HOPPERS

These Harlem Negroes are dancing Harlem's favorite dance with a native gusto and grace that no white couple can hope to duplicate. The Lindy Hop is a combination of fox-trotting,

truckin', the Susie-Q and adagio dancing. The expert Lindy Hoppers whose dancing is shown on these two pages are now an errand boy and a laundress. Soon they may be on Broadway.

"Spreadin' Rhythm Around"

*Music ev'rywhere feet are pattin'
Puttin' tempo in old Manhatt'n
Ev'rybody is out highhattin'
Spreadin' rhythm around.
Ev'rywhere you go trumpets blarin'
Drums and saxophones rip and tearin'
Ev'rybody you meet is rarin'
Spreadin' rhythm around!*



Lindy Hoppers step out...



...go into the first break.



The break is completed...



... before they close again.



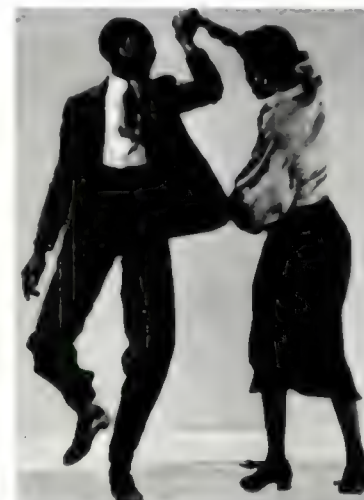
After breaking again...



... their feet really begin to "go to town."



They come together only briefly...



... before another break and a whirl.



Bodies rigid, they go into a truckin' step...



... which is a sort of strut.



An Apache improvisation...



... is followed by the regular Lindy...



... and a fox-trot.

DANCING IS GOOD EXERCISE, A SOCIAL GRACE, AND A MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD

(CONTINUED)



A regular twice-a-week pupil at Arthur Murray's is Mrs. Roy Howard, wife of the publisher. Here she is shown brushing up on her rumba.

ALL over the country during the Christmas holidays people of all ages and sizes are dancing as never before. Those who did not know how have been learning, so as to be ready for the fun. The most notable dancing school in the country is that of Arthur Murray, whose Manhattan studios have in the last ten years attracted some 60,000 pupils, whose mail-order alumni since 1921 number close to 700,000. A reunion of Arthur Murray students would draw delegates from every state in the Union, and would cut through a social stratum ranging from Standard Oil employes, a group of whom are visited by a Murray teacher once a week, to Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr., to whose house go a male and female Murray instructor three times a week for two-hour sessions. The average Murray pupil is a businessman in his forties who can afford to spend \$100 for 20 lessons, to improve his waltz and fox-trot, learn steps like the rumba and the tango. Herewith a portfolio of dancing, including on these pages Mr. Murray's studios and on subsequent pages the agile professionalism of Fred Astaire and the De Marcos and the difficult estheticism of the American Ballet.



1 A Murray pupil, after signing up (above, left), first learns correct posture with the help of an instructor and a mirror.



2 On his way to ballroom success, he now dances with his expert, tactful teacher.



Mrs. Roy Howard fox-trots happily with Murray Instructor **Anthony De Ghillany**, onetime shot-put champion of Hungary.



In the Murray building, 128 studios occupy eight floors. Curtains are drawn for individual lessons. A loudspeaker phonograph system provides a constant choice of four kinds of dance melodies.



3 Back before the mirror, he tries the new swing step which is applicable both to the waltz and the fox-trot.



4 In a few weeks he is good enough to appear in a hotel ballroom with a friend. A strict Murray rule prevents his taking his teacher out alone unless she wishes to retire permanently from the Murray faculty.

(CONTINUED)



Mr. Murray likes to dance with his wife, but gives personal lessons only in exceptional cases to very special pupils.

His coat-tails flying authoritatively, the man on this page is Arthur Murray himself, at right with one of his instructors, above with Mrs. Murray. Chic, petite, competent, the latter edits the house-organ *Murray-Go-Round*, is the mother of twin 10-year-old daughters. The instructor at right is from Virginia. Southern girls, says Mr. Murray, make the best teachers, are forceful, gracious, properly extraverted.





The Murray faculty must attend a weekly one-hour meeting at which the dancing master discusses new methods of teaching and handling pupils. Here he demonstrates a difficult new step while making a wisecrack which spreads smiles all around.



Between lessons busy Murray teachers relax informally in restrooms like this one, play cards, discuss their pupils, briefly remove shoes from hard-working feet.



Montclair, N.J. Country Clubbers get weekly instruction from a Murray expert.

(CONTINUED)



ASTAIRE

The ambition of every amateur is some day to be able to dance like Fred Astaire, whose artful acrobatics are detailed on these pages. Simply to repeat his steps, however, is not to repeat his performance which includes a special brand of airy charm that women love and

men admire. This hard-working professional reached fame and fortune as the screen's most popular male dancer mostly in white tie and tails but even in flannels and sport shoes he can still zip himself around with an astonishing amount of ease and elegance.



Tap dancing is part of



every musical comedy routine.



Here Fred Astaire begins



to execute a handsome twirl.



Fred Astaire handles his 140 lbs. as



though he were light as a feather.



Top-notchers like Astaire think nothing of



kicking three times while in mid-air.



Astaire's amused, slightly



wry expression is as



familiar as his flying feet



to millions of movie-goers.

(CONTINUED)



THE DE MARCOS SPREAD CHARM



Admired by many an Arthur Murray pupil who hopes to emulate them, Renée and Antonio De Marco swirl and pirouette nightly at the Hotel Plaza's

swank Persian Room in Manhattan for their fourth consecutive season. The pictures on these pages represent the peak performance in ballroom dancing.

Mr. De Marco's 18 immaculate tailcoats constitute an investment of \$5,400. The air-cooled gown worn by his wife is one of 126 current costumes.

(CONTINUED)



William Dollar, the American Ballet's star male dancer, rehearses at the bar with Annabelle Lyon, former Fokine pupil.



These ballet girls, shown in another pose on the front cover of this issue of LIFE, are part of the

American Ballet corps which will serve as dancers in Metropolitan Opera productions this season.

THE AMERICAN BALLET

Trains For the Metropolitan Opera

Most difficult dance form is the ballet, best taught in this country by the School of the American Ballet in New York. Founded in 1933 by Lincoln Kirstein and Edward Warburg, it feeds its crack pupils into a producing unit called Ballet Productions, Inc. This season it is again supplying the ballet corps for the Metropolitan Opera Co. Under the aegis of Balletmaster and Choreographer George Balanchine, the 35 dancers in this group perform all the ballets on the Met's schedule with refreshing grace and sprightliness. No amateur hobby, ballet dancing is a hard, steady, painstaking job, requiring five years of training in the prime of youth to attain a properly professional degree of skill.



These ballet dancers, costumed for Mozart pieces arranged by Tchaikovsky, are listening to the music before starting to rehearse.



Wardrobe mistress of the American Ballet is Maria Stepanova, once seamstress to Nijinsky.



One third of a ballet dancer's time is spent in idle waiting around (*above, left*), two thirds in violent motion. Here a group point their toes, stretch their leg muscles, develop supreme suppleness.

JAPANESE AMBASSADOR'S WIFE



SPANISH AMBASSADOR AND BUTLER



U. S. AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA AND WIFE

EXHIBIT A FOR COMMUNISTS . . .
... will be the new American Ambassador
to Soviet Russia, Joseph Davies and his
immensely rich new wife, Marjorie Post
Close Hutton Davies (*left*) who ate stur-
geon (*see below*) at the Russian Embassy.
The capitalistic Davies' have sent ahead
to Moscow 25 electric refrigerators, new
plumbing and 2,000 pints of frozen cream.



CHINESE AMBASSADOR AND FRIENDS



The Russian Ambassador celebrates . . .

. . . the new Soviet Constitution with a 420-lb. sturgeon

IN HIS Washington Embassy on Dec. 10, Communist Ambassador Alexander Troyanovsky and his wife (*right & right below*) staged a big and brilliant diplomatic reception to celebrate the adoption of the new Russian Constitution. In addition the affair helped to celebrate the fact that Reds now have money and know how to spend it for high-class fun. The Russian Embassy had been closed after the Allies' failure to overthrow the Bolsheviks until the recognition of the Stalin regime by President Roosevelt in 1933. The new Soviet Ambassador, amid old imperial splendor has simply added the Soviet hammer and sickle, as in the balcony grille (*see below*), and bought some furniture from the estate of Edith Rockefeller McCormick. To celebrate his country's Constitution he had an 8-ft., 420-lb. Beluga sturgeon shipped especially from the Caspian Sea. It was cooked in parts, reassembled and welded with mayonnaise (*see opposite page*). Guests who included China's urbane Ambassador Sao-ke Alfred Sze, Socialist Spain's scholarly Ambassador Fernandos de los Rios, and the pert wife of Japan's smart young Ambassador Hiroshi Saito (*see opposite page*), hardly made a dent on the great fish, ate caviar, drank champagne and vodka. Conspicuously absent were American Communist agitators who are never asked to official Soviet functions in the United States.



HOST TROYANOVSKY, HAMMER AND SICKLE



THE SECOND-FLOOR FOYER



HOSTESS TROYANOVSKY

The Life of Jesus Christ

IN TEN PICTURES AND ONE THOUSAND WORDS

Thousands of pictures have been painted and millions of words have been written in an effort to tell the story of Christ. Not all of them put together have succeeded, and certainly no handful of pictures, no fragment of words, can succeed. But for that very reason a few of the best pictures, a handful of the simplest words, can properly be chosen to stand for all. The Editors of LIFE have chosen ten of the greatest pictures of Jesus to be found in American galleries. They have asked the Rev. George A. Buttrick, author, scholar, orator, strenuous day-and-night pastor of New York's largest Presbyterian church, to set them against this background of brief words. Dr. Buttrick has accepted the assignment.

By the Rev. George A. Buttrick, D.D.
—Pastor, Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City.



IS BIRTHDAY is kept across the world. His death-day sets a gallows against every city skyline. Who is He?

He was "born in Bethlehem" nearly two thousand years ago. His boyhood was spent in Nazareth, where from the hilltop He saw white sails on the Mediterranean, and camel-caravans from Damascus winding across the plain. His mother taught Him the commandments and prophet-words of Israel. A Wonder stirred as He listened and prayed. He worshipped in the synagogue while some pedantic scribe interpreted the Law. He worked as a carpenter, making doors, oxen-yokes and children's toys. After His twelfth birthday He made annual pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There He saw the Temple and the Holy Place. The Wonder shook within Him. Soon it became Destiny.

At thirty an urgency drove Him to preach. Was He God's very messenger? He dared not whisper it, but He could not deny. He sought out John the Baptist, a prophet fierce and cleansing as desert-wind, and was baptized by him in the Jordan. It was His ordaining: God had sealed in Him the Thing Divine. How could He endure such joy or ever answer such a call? Should He meet our material cravings, or dazzle men by leaping from the Temple, or make war—He who could have set a thousand banners waving? These were false roads. Yet so eager was His consecration that He was desperately tempted to try short cuts. The temptation was not shadow-boxing, but stern encounter. "He was tempted in all points like as we, yet without sin." What road was left? He would not hate or hurt: He would love and suffer, keeping His soul inviolate to God. A hard, high road!

He chose twelve disciples—such as live in any street. They quarreled, misunderstood Him, and finally deserted Him in danger. But by His trust in them they became, all but one, the heralds of a new earth. He worked wondrous healings; for He "knew what was in man," and there was in Him a contagion of wholeness and faith. As for His teaching, "never man so spake."

The Church has cluttered it with dogmas and stained it with persecutions, but it remains childlike in its simplicity. Here is its pith in four words—Truth, Right, Compassion, Prayer. Are the words pious and vague? They "came alive" in Him. The Mystery

of God He called "Father." The Mystery is kind; and, though we cannot understand tragic facts, we can overcome them in God's power. In many parables He said "God is a Shepherd," "God is Sunlight," "God is a Father welcoming home a prodigal boy." He drew no lines of race or class. We can imagine Him pointing to slum-areas or war's harvest-field of white crosses, and asking in stern grief, "But what of these?" If He lived on your street children would run to Him; and the remorseful or sad would find His friendship very heaven.

A diseased eye hates the light, though light is its life. So "Jesus came unto His own, and His own received Him not." The church harried Him, for He rebuked blind pride that chose traditions instead of mercy. Greedy traders opposed Him, for when they invaded the precincts of the Temple He overturned their money-changers' tables; He could not brook their graft and desecration. The nationalists resented His refusal to become their flag of revolt. Rome suspected Him: such a man could easily arouse sedition. Even His disciples were baffled by His failure to build a kingdom propped on swords or wealth; and one of them, Judas, fanatic and miserly, plotted His death. Powers of darkness converged on Him. Religious bigotry, unscrupulous trade, sword-power, mob-frenzy and personal spite—these slay Him in every age.

Judas for treachery received "thirty pieces of silver" from the priests, who arrested Jesus by night in the Garden of Gethsemane where in bitter anguish He had prayed, "Let this cup pass. Nevertheless not my will, but Thine be done." They dragged Him before the High Priest on charges of heresy, and sentenced Him to die. Only Rome could execute that sentence; so Jesus was taken before Pilate, the Governor, who cared little for the Jews, and less for their religion. Jesus seemed harmless: Pilate was minded to set Him free. But the priests played on the crowd's passion, and clamored for Jesus to be crucified. Pilate shuffled: there was majesty in this man's silence—as though the judge were being judged. But when the priests threatened to report Pilate to Rome if he tolerated the sedition of one calling himself "king," he yielded. The soldiers mocked Jesus with a crown of thorns, and spat on Him. But "He answered them nothing." Jesus was crucified on Golgotha. He hung there while foes jeered, but He kept His resolve; He would not hate or hurt. He refused an opiate, choosing to die, as He had lived, with open eyes. He prayed for those who killed Him, and "gave up His spirit." The story says that the earth shook—as though sobbing with shame and grief.

The epilogue is passing strange. On the crucifixion-day the
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 49)



Adoration of the Magi by Titian. Owner: Arthur Sachs.

BEHOLD, there came wise men from the East. And, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.



The Holy Family with St. Margaret and St. John by Lippi. Owner: Cleveland Museum

And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him.



The Annunciation by Bouts. Owner: Estate of John L. Severance.

And the angel said, Blessed art thou among women. Thou shalt conceive, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus.



Christ and the Samaritan Woman by Duccio.
Owners: Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.



Resurrection of Lazarus by Duccio.
Owners: Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.



Christ on the Mount of Olives by Vitti. Owner: Cleveland Museum.

The Woman of Samaria

There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink. Then saith the woman, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. Jesus answered, If thou knewest who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. . . . Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.

The Raising of Lazarus

Jesus said, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live . . . He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes . . .

On the Mount of Olives

And he went to the Mount of Olives; and his disciples Peter, James, John, also followed him. And he kneeled down and prayed. And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly . . . And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow . . . And he that was called Judas drew near unto Jesus to kiss him.



Crucifixion by Cranach the Elder. Owners: Mr and Mrs. C. H. Worcester.

And Jesus cried: My God, why hast thou forsaken me?

Christ Reigns

. . . over the Church Triumphant in Heaven and the Church Militant on Earth.



Assumption of the Virgin by a precursor of Lorenzo Monaco.
Owner: Cleveland Museum



Coronation of the Virgin by Conrad Von Soest
Owner: Cleveland Museum



The Stigmatization of St. Francis by Veneziano. Owner: Samuel H. Kress.

Though it is merely a pious opinion and not an explicit dogma of the Catholic Church, the Virgin's bodily Assumption into Heaven immediately after her death is celebrated with a feast day—August 15.

Queen of Angels and Saints, according to Roman Catholic belief, is Christ's Mother, whom He crowned with His own hands two days after the Assumption.

Though they reject all Catholic hagiology, most Protestants revere such figures as St. Francis, whose gentle, saintly life reached its climax when, in a flash of blinding light, there appeared upon his body miraculous replicas of the wounds of his Savior.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

disciples were disconsolate: three days later they thrilled as men thrill in victory snatched from defeat. Jesus had appeared to them, they protested, in very presence. So sure were they that they became His tireless evangelists and gladly died for His sake. Could a delusion thus withstand time's corrosion? Their memory of Jesus had quickened to a Presence. They said: "Now we know

God's nature and man's destiny." Jesus gave history a new beginning. In every land He is at home: everywhere men think His face is like their best face—and like God's face.

His birthday is kept across the world. His death-day has set a gallows against every city skyline. Who is He?

CHRIST AS THE GREAT PAINTERS SAW HIM

NO FIGURE in the world's history has been painted so often as Jesus Christ. In the magnificent parable of His life, the favorite painters' episodes are His birth and death. But of the countless representations of His face, not one is a portrait. Reason: Christ's early followers took over the Hebrew taboo against painted or graven images, i.e., pictures or statues. The taboo died hard. The early Church Fathers repeatedly forbade the painting of figure-subjects and particularly God the Father, Son or Holy Ghost. But their flocks were so moved by Christ's story that they felt compelled to make pictures of it, in spite of the bishops. The first pictures of Christ were graven on the taperlit walls of the Roman catacombs by Christian fugitives some 150 years after Christ's death. Presumably they were based on word-of-mouth stories of what Christ actually looked like though pagan Romans told of a portrait of Christ by Pontius Pilate. The first known picture showed Him as a bearded man with a long, thin face. By 400 A.D. the official Church had despaired of suppressing pictures of Christ, the bishops had stopped tearing them from the walls of churches and at last Bishop Paulinus of Nola ordered wall paintings of the life of Christ for two new churches, saying that they were to "instruct the ignorant and drunken people."

Since Europe was then filled with illiterate hordes, this picture presentation of the life of Christ undoubtedly hastened the sweep of Christianity across Europe. For nearly 1,000 years these pictures were crude glass mosaics and frescoes, usually in the stiff, hieratic style borrowed from the Byzantine Church of Constantinople.

The Life of Christ waited until the 14th Century for its great painters. Then the ferment of the so-called "Renaissance" boiled up in the minds of the men of Italy, poured north across Europe, to produce a Great Age of painting at a time when Christ was the paramount subject for any painter. The Great Age reached its height in the 16th Century when Titian, Botticelli, Veronese, Michelangelo, Leonardo, Tintoretto and Lucas Cranach told the great

story. In the 17th Century Rembrandt, Rubens, Murillo and Van Dyck painted Christ, but they painted their own times as well. By 1700 other things had displaced Christ as the No. 1 theme for a great painter.

Of these thousands of great paintings, none made the least attempt to show Christ as He actually was. Renaissance painters frankly painted Christ as though He were living in their own town and time. The great Titian (*see p. 45*) painted the Magi come to worship the Christ Child as the Venetian noblemen he knew so well. Aelbrecht Bouts (*same page*), in the Flemish lowlands 80 years later, put the Mother Mary and the Lord's angel in a Gothic-windowed Flemish palace. Filippino Lippi, the Florentine, made Joseph such an Italian peasant type as can be seen in the fields outside Florence today. When the Sieneese, Duccio, finished his altarpiece of which two small panels are reproduced on p. 46, his fellow townsmen were so excited they declared a holiday and paraded Duccio and altarpiece through the Sieneese streets. Duccio painted a Christ who looked like a Sieneese mountaineer; he painted mountains like those behind Siena. The North Italian, Timoteo Viti, filled his landscape behind Christ on the Mount of Olives with his native Dolomite mountains, a walled Italian city from which Judas and Roman soldiers approach Christ to seize and try him.

The splendid Crucifixion of Cranach the Elder on p. 47 is the most magnificent anachronism of all. Forgetting first Century Palestine entirely, Cranach filled his canvas with German knights in the bulbous, steel-skirted "Maximilian" armor of the 16th Century. On the pole-arms-tridents, halberds, pikes, guisarmes and bills—a thesis on Renaissance German warfare could be written. The women wear wimples, the men the slashed sleeves and collars of the Renaissance. The two thieves are ordinary German scamps. Only in the face of Christ did Cranach, like all his colleagues, paint the supreme image of which he was capable for the universal ideal of suffering majesty.



THE CRUEL CHINESE

STRANGEST paradox in Chinese character is its mixture of tenderness and cruelty. Centuries of despotism under the Manchu Emperors have given the Chinese, together with great delicacy of taste, great indifference to human suffering. Perpetual strife among warlords has made life cheap in a country overcrowded with 450,000,000. Thus, for generations, culprits have been beheaded in public squares, while passers-by looked on apathetically. (Here you see some notable photographs of scenes which many a tourist has snapped.) Since 1927 these executions have been confined mainly to Communists. In that year Chiang Kai-shek broke with the Communist wing of the Nationalist Party, drove the Russians out of China, set up a Nationalist Government in Nanking. Since then he has labored to put down the Reds, build roads, unify the world's most populous nation. Within a few months after he had apparently succeeded, comes the fantastic story of his capture and imprisonment in a remote interior city.

Note the pistol's kick, the body's slump as the executioner sends his bullet ploughing through the head of this

captured Chinese Communist. Half the town swarmed out to watch his death with customary Chinese stoicism.



Here (left) is the executioner, marching out with his "sword of justice" to decapitate a Red. The picture above was taken just after the

sword stroke. Note the horror on the spectator's face as he looks down at the severed head, and the cruel smile on the executioner's.



In Peiping Communists are bound hand and foot, driven to a clearing beyond the city wall and laid face down in rows upon the ground. Then soldiers step down the rows and calmly pump lead into their skulls.

This rare picture of China's Red generals (right) was left behind in a village during last spring's hasty retreat. Front row, foot thrust forward, is Hsiao Keh, No. 3 Red commander. Rear row, third from left, his wife.



This is an old photograph. Any tourist in China can buy it for 5c. It represents a scene so common that Chinese have

grown indifferent to it. A culprit kneels on a corner, a swordsman slices off his head, pedestrians look on with apathy.



Aftermath of the Canton Commune were these dead Communists.

VILLAIN OF THE WEEK

(CONTINUED)

NO sooner had the most romantic love story of modern times subsided, than newspapers rocked with the most fantastic story of modern villainy. Just what happened to Chiang Kai-shek, China's top man, in the northern city of Sian is veiled in Oriental mystery. There is no mystery, however, about the villain of this drama, the man who "kidnapped" Chiang. He is Chang Hsueh-liang, known as the Young Marshal, the world's only hereditary warlord. His father was famed "Old Tiger" Chang Tso-lin, who rose from coolie to warlord of Manchuria. Young Marshal Chang inherited his domain and his \$10,000,000—but none of his ability—in 1928, when a Japanese bomb wrecked the "Old Tiger's" train and blew his private coach to pieces. A weakling, an opium addict, a heavy mah-jongg gambler, Son Chang presently lost Manchuria to Japan, proved unable to hold Jehol, fled to Europe in disgrace. Recalled in 1934 by Chiang Kai-shek, he was sent after Red armies in Central China. He failed in four costly campaigns. Chiang Kai-shek himself led the fifth and routed them.



This picture was taken in 1932, when the Young Marshal's youngest child was one year old. The aged "amah" (nurse) here holds him for his father in the palace garden.



Before he fled to Europe in 1933, the Young Marshal lived in an old Peiping palace. He is here shown at tea in it, with his wife and daughter (right) and his sons (left). Upon

returning to China in 1934, he acquired a new Shanghai house full of Grand Rapids furniture and hand-painted cuspidors. His several concubines lived in it with his family.



This wall around Sian, capital of northern Shensi province, is 600 years old, 30-ft. high, 10 miles long and encloses 1,000,000 people. Within it the Young Marshal held China's top man a prisoner. Outside, traders and peasants sell their wares as usual.



Unlike his weak son, Chang Tso-lin was a fierce fighter, won many battles, fought his way up from coolie to overlord of all Manchuria. He drank tiger's blood, bore the nickname "Old Tiger," and had 32 children by nine wives. Though he lived in regal splendor, he never learned to read or write.



Should Chiang Kai-shek die, decades may pass before a man of his stature again rises to the helm of China. Among powerful candidates is Feng Yu-hsiang, China's "Christian General," well over six feet, 56 years old. Baptized in 1913, he had whole regiments

baptized at one time, lived among them like any private. Of peasant origin, he still wears a coolie's blue coat. Onetime enemy of Chiang Kai-shek, onetime inmate of a Buddhist monastery, he is now vice chairman of the Military Affairs Commission.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK . . .



HERE is the hero of the week. His face is less well known than the faces of Hitler, Mussolini, or Stalin. Yet he is overlord of more people than the Big Three rule together. In 13 years and twice as many wars, he licked China's warlords, put down Communists, brought his country a greater degree of unity than it had known since the Manchu Empire collapsed in 1911. Without him chaos may seize China.

Chiang was born in an obscure village near Ningpo, famed southern port. A scholarship took him north to a military academy, later to Tokyo's Imperial Cadet School. In 1911 he hurried home to fight for a Chinese Republic. Sent next to Moscow to study war and propaganda, he returned once more to build China's first modern army, march it triumphantly across 2,000 miles of battlefield, set up a strong central government at Nanking. In 1927 he married Soong Mei-ling, youngest of three famed Soong sisters. She converted him to Christianity, while her brother, T. V. Soong, balanced the Chinese budget for the first time in modern history.



Chiang Kai-shek and Soong Mei-ling as his bride.



General Chiang's tunic (*above*) bears no insignia, no decorations, no gold braid.



A Wellesley graduate ('17), Mme Chiang (*above*) speaks fluent English. Here she sits at home beside her husband as they entertain Explorer Sven Hedin.



When he travels (*right*) Chiang wears this long black cape, rides in an American car, is protected by a big bodyguard.



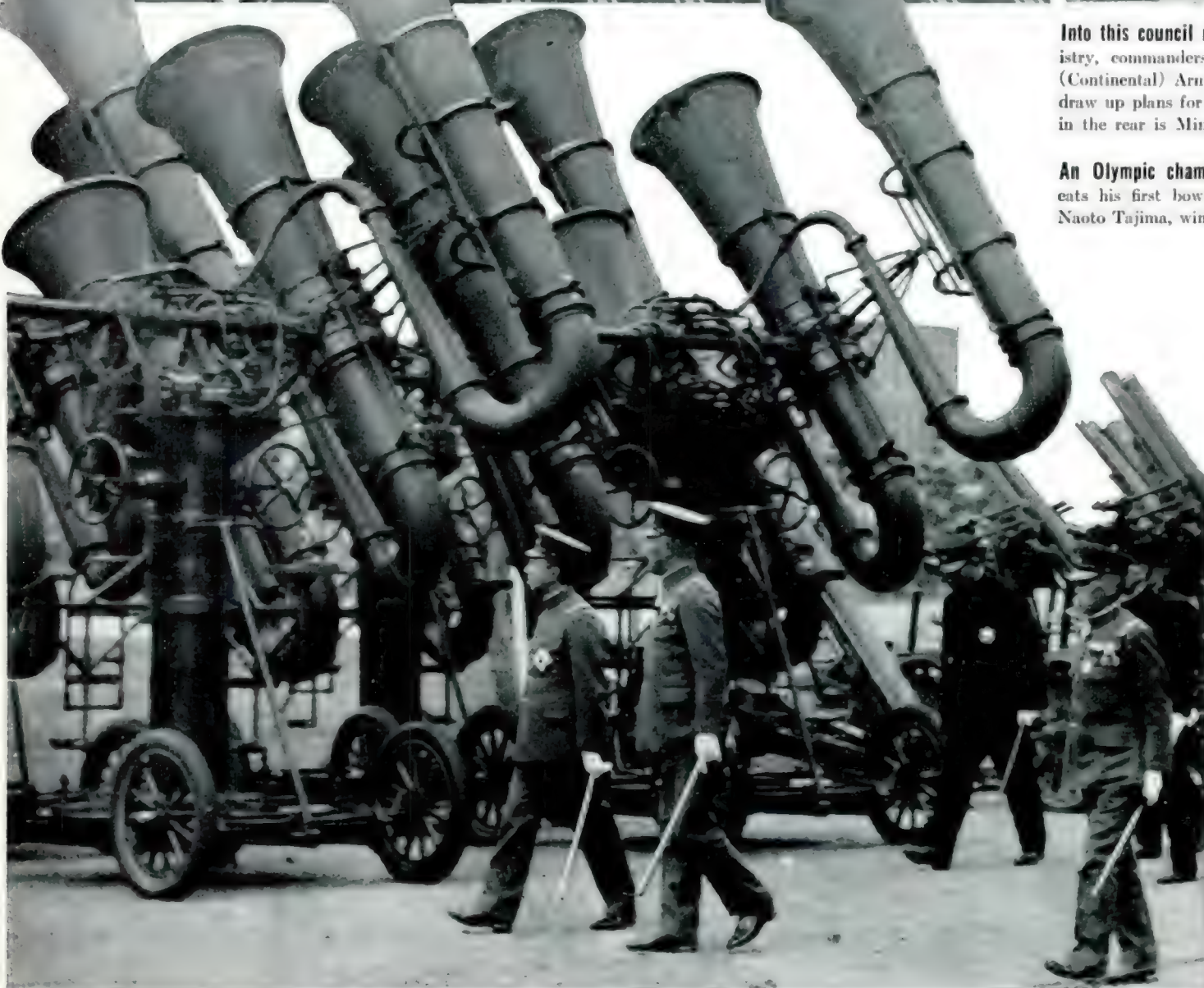
China's top dog (*right*) is this Pekinese which always accompanies Mme Chiang.

... and his real enemy, JAPAN



Into this council room in the Tokyo War Ministry, commanders of the Japanese Kwantung (Continental) Army were called last month to draw up plans for the crisis in China. Standing in the rear is Minister of War Juichi Terauchi.

An Olympic champion joins the Japanese Army, eats his first bowl of rice in barracks. He is Naoto Tajima, winner of the hop-step-and-jump.



These gigantic trumpets inspected by Emperor Hirohito are Japan's electric ears for detecting enemy planes.



ADD . . .

**To The Greatest Story of the Year,
These Two Pictures**

OF ALL the pictures of England's Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson now being tardily dug out, two of the best are shown here. One night in 1935 David Windsor, then Prince of Wales, squired Mrs. Simpson to a London night club. Just as the show-girls started to come on and the Prince lifted his eyes in response to a word from Mrs. Simpson (*above*), a cameraman snapped the scene. A moment later (*left*) the cabaret girls had run onto the dance floor but David was not looking. Strikingly shown is the ex-King's appearance of a poker-faced boy, bored, sullen and lonely, when he is not exerting his remarkable charm. On the table with the customary vase of carnations, are two bottles of whisky, the nearer Black & White Scotch

The English



MIR. AND MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN, LATELY VICTORIOUS OVER THE BOY DAVID, AT HOME AT ASTLEY HALL IN THE ENGLISH MIDLANDS.



David pops Goliath in Sir James Barrie's play.



Sir James Barrie, Marta Abba and Luigi Pirandello.

As David, Duke of Windsor (see opposite page), quit England Dec. 11 for an Austrian castle, the role of another and greater David, King of the Jews, was being played in Edinburgh by the German actress Elisabeth Bergner. The play *The Boy David*, is the first in 14 years by Sir James Barrie. It opened in London Dec. 14. English critics called it Barrie's masterpiece. But David's story has always been popular with the English, who believe firmly in the supremacy of innocent Right over brutish Might. At left is a rare picture of camera-shy Barrie (left) with the Italian actress Marta Abba, and her discoverer, the Italian Playwright Luigi Pirandello. The two great playwrights had just met in London and seen a Mae West movie. After the picture was taken, 76-year-old Barrie smashed the camera with his cane, covered his face and ran off.

... and the Spanish



On the outskirts of Madrid the advancing Spanish Rebels found in their path University City, the great scientific center their own deposed King Alfonso III had built on the proceeds of national lotteries. It promptly became a key fortress in the siege of Madrid. The Rebels took it, lost it, won back part of it. Herewith, the first War

pictures of University City. The view above, right, of a wing of the Medical School was taken from the point marked with an arrow on the air view above, left. The Rebels on Dec. 17 still held the buildings in the distance—the clinical hospital, once one of Europe's greatest, now a fortress whose machine-guns sweep the road northwest-

ward out of Madrid. Rebels ate the scientists' rabbits and guinea pigs that had been inoculated with cholera, leprosy and typhoid germs. The Government holds all the buildings in the foreground. Left foreground, the Pharmacy School; right, the Dental School. The great central group is the School of Medicine.



Inside University City, volunteers of the International Column, Frenchmen and German and Italian anti-Fascist exiles, bunk in a chemical laboratory. Under the framed

picture and alarm clock (upper center), are loaves of bread. To the left are canned foods. Remarkably untouched are the acid bottles and flasks and the chemical apparatus at

the extreme right and left of the picture. The rifle is a French carbine. Parts of University City have been gutted by fire, but both sides have tried to avoid artillery shelling



Militiamen lunch in University City, leaving the machine-gun at right unattended. University books have been used for window barricades by the defenders, who get

the best food besieged Madrid can provide. Note the chessboard, center. War in Spain is always conducted in fits and starts, with time out for siestas. But when

University City was one of the world's greatest research centers on the pathology of the nervous system, the staff worked the un-Spanish hours of 9 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.



When Government planes flew into view, well-bombed citizens of Madrid went mad with joy. At left, a militiaman



bares his teeth as a Government plane attacks a Rebel pursuit plane. Generally the odds in the air have been with

the Rebels, who have about 100 Italian and German bombers and escorts against about 50 for the Government.

Private Lives



DOROTHY PARKER, WIT AND POET

Dorothy Parker, most renowned lady wit in America, mildly surprised her friends years ago by saying she would rather have a baby than write poetry. She surprised her friends much more, late in 1934 by revealing that she had been married since October 1933 to Alan Campbell, young English actor. Mrs. Parker was 40, Mr. Campbell was 26 and they went off to Hollywood to write scenarios and live happily. Dorothy Parker Campbell's third major surprise came when she confirmed reports that she was going to have a baby—her first—next June. Then she will be two months short of 44.



DOROTHY PARKER AND HUSBAND

Ten years ago, **Rosa Ponselle**, opera soprano, said that her idea of a good husband was a tall blond man. She was immediately besieged by offers of marriage from tall blond men. But she has just married a tall dark man named Carle Jackson, who is the son of Mayor Howard Jackson of Baltimore. Miss Ponselle is 39. She was born in Meriden, Conn. and her father was a coaldealer named Ponzillo.

C. C. Featherly of Chicago becomes, like Dorothy Parker (*above*), a parent late in life. Mr. Featherly is 67, and his 17-year-old wife Marie has just borne him a baby boy. The first Mrs. Featherly pre-

sented him with only one child in 29 years of marriage. (Mr. Featherly's father had 21 children.) The present Mrs. Featherly married a man of 20 when she was 14. She married Mr. Featherly last



MRS. FEATHERLY AND SON

year. They became acquainted when she used to play in one of the children's playgrounds which Mr. Featherly directs.

Each of the four daughters of the late **Dr. John T. Dorrance**, who made \$150,000,000 out of Campbell Soups, gets an income of \$10,000 a month and will get more when heavy estate taxes have been paid in full. The only unmarried daughter is Peggy (Margaret Winifred) and now she is going to marry **George Strawbridge**, whose own family fortune is



PEGGY DORRANCE AND GEORGE STRAWBRIDGE

derived from Strawbridge & Clothier, oldest Philadelphia department store. Miss Dorrance, who is 21, loves to ride and each of the three or four men to whom she has been rumored engaged belonged to the horsey set. So does her fiancé who is an amateur jockey and, currently, a clerk in a broker's office.

Gail Patrick won a Panther Girl contest at the University of Alabama four years ago, got a trip to Hollywood out of it and a movie contract. Though she failed to become a major Hollywood figure, she did create a stir once by announcing that she was going to school nights to study law. She



RIGHT TO LEFT: ROSA PONSELLE, HUSBAND, FATHER-IN-LAW AND MOTHER-IN-LAW

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Private Lives (CONTINUED)



GAIL PATRICK AND HUSBAND

has, instead, just married a major Hollywood figure, Robert Howard Cobb, who is major not because he is in movies but because he is manager and one of the chief owners of the famed Brown Derby restaurants.

Glenn Morris and Charlotte Edwards went to school together in Colorado. Glenn grew up to become an automobile salesman. At the Berlin Olympics last summer, he won the decathlon championship for the U. S. Charlotte grew up



GLENN MORRIS AND BRIDE

to become a high-school teacher but not for long. Glenn, who now has a job arranging sports broadcasts for National Broadcasting Co., has married Charlotte.

For years, **Harry Conway "Bud" Fisher**, cartoonist of Mutt & Jeff, has been trying to persuade courts to reduce the \$400 a week alimony he pays his second wife, Countess Aedita de Beaumont. He has never succeeded but now is trying again, complaining that his income isn't what it was in 1927 when they separated. He pointed out that, since his wife lived with him only four weeks after their marriage aboard the *Leviathan* and he has paid her a total of \$166,000, she was getting the exorbitant figure of \$41,000 per week of married life.



BUD FISHER, EX-WIFE, LEVIATHAN'S CAPTAIN



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ONE OF THE FIRST questions the doctor asks when you have a cold is—"Are your bowels regular?" Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know also the importance of choosing the *right* laxative at this time.

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remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

SKI SLIDE INTO STRAW

In Manhattan's Madison Square Garden was held Dec. 9-12 an International Ski Meet. Each day tons of ice were shaved up into "snow" to cover the ski-jump hill, 75-ft. high. Sverre Kolterud, Norwegian slalom champion (*below*), covered the course from Garden rafters to arena straw.



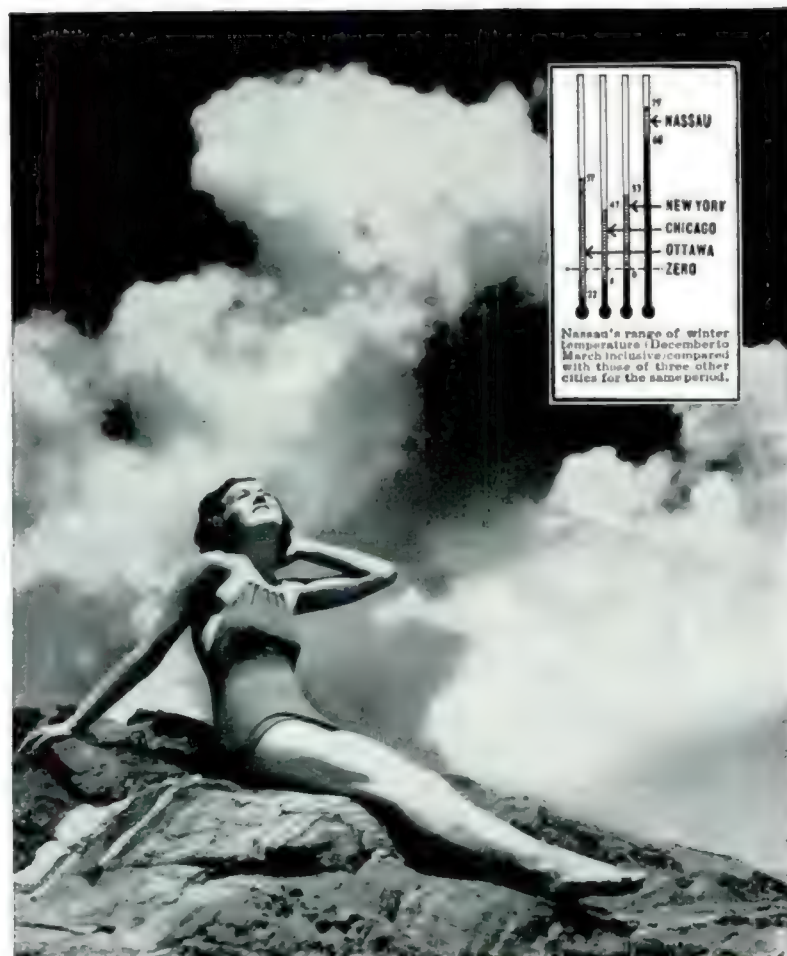
KOLTERUD CROUCHES AT TOP OF SLIDE



HE TAKES THE JUMP WITH EASY GRACE.



HE FINISHES UP HEAD FIRST IN STRAW PILE.



Nassau IN THE BAHAMAS

... WINTER HAVEN OF TWO CONTINENTS

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THE FRONT COVER IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AMERICAN BALLET TAKEN BY ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

EDITORS: Henry R. Luce, John Shaw Billings, Daniel Longwell, John S. Martin.
PHOTOGRAPHERS: Margaret Bourke-White, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Thos. D. McAvoy, Peter Stackpole, William Vandivert.
ASSOCIATES: Rachel Albertson, David Cort, George T. Eggleston, Geoffrey T. Hellman, Dorothy Hoover, Joseph Kastner, A. K. Mills, Willard D. Morgan, Paul Peters, Sherman Raveson, Howard K. Richmond, Joseph J. Thorndike, Jr.
CIRCULATION OFFICE: 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Illinois.
U. S. EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 135 East 42nd Street, New York. London Editorial office: Dean House, 4 Dean Street, London. Paris Editorial office: 21 Rue de Berri, Paris.
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year in the U. S. and Possessions, \$3.50; in Canada and Countries of the Pan-American Postal Union, \$5.00; elsewhere, \$7.00.

LIFE'S PICTURES



MARTIN Munkácsi traveled the world over for his famed former employers, the Ullsteins of Berlin. He has had many pictures since then in many U. S. magazines, illustrates various phases of dancing in this week's issue.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes), unless otherwise specified.

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ABBREVIATIONS: EXC., EXCEPT; CEN., CENTER; L. L., LOWER LEFT; T., TOP; A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; B. S., BLACK STAR; INT., INTERNATIONAL; KEY., KEYSTONE; P. I., PICTURES INC.; U. & U., UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD; W. W., WIDE WORLD.



LINCOLN WAS RIGHT!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN coming upon a mass of office-seekers swarming about the Capital, greedily yammering for the "spoils" of political victory turned to his companion and said:

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What about it? Are you with us?

☆ ☆ ☆

Write to National Civil Service Reform League, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CHIMP CHAMPS TO QUIT RING

Too Old, Says Zoo Trainer

Among the greatest athletes of the animal world are two prize fighting chimpanzees in the St. Louis Zoo. They are called "Battling" Billy Busch and "Sockeyem" Sammy Green. During the past year some 2,250,000 visitors to the monkey pavilion have watched them perform. Last month, when both apes reached the adult age of 10, Zoo Director George P. Vierheller announced that they were retiring from the ring. During childhood chimpanzees are affectionate, trusting, easy to train. After maturity they become mean and are apt to bite their handlers. (Chimpanzees live to be 40 or 50.) Before retiring, however, Billy and Sammy staged a final championship bout for Grantland Rice's Sportlight, from which movie pictures on these two pages are taken. The St. Louis chimpanzee colony was in ringside seats (right).



1 Trainer Ferguson gives final instructions in the ring to Sockeyem Sammy Green, the champion, and Battling Billy Busch, the challenger.



2 "Now, boys, I want a good clean fight. Break when I tell you to, and no hitting in clinches. Sammy, you fouled in that last fight. I must warn you to watch out for low punches."



3 First round. Sammy misses with a wild left swing. Billy ducks, lashes out with a right, which misses. Sammy climbs up on the ropes.



4 Now they're mixing it up hot and heavy. Oh, boy, this is a real fight! Billy's right jabs the champ's jaw. Sammy backs away, ducks, tries a left to the body.



5 End of first round. Sammy slumps in his corner. His second (Trainer Ferguson) fans him with a towel. He took some awful punishment from the challenger in that last round. In the opposite corner sits Billy, fresh as a daisy, waiting for the bell.



6 Round two. Battling Billy leaps up at the sound of the bell, rushes to the center of the ring. He bares his teeth. That means he is getting set for the kill. The old champ looks all tuckered out.



7 This St. Louis prizefight fan has his money on the challenger. "Kill him, Billy!" he yells. "Go in there and finish him off. He's on his last legs."



8 This poor fellow is backing Champion Sam. "What's the matter, you big ham!" he yells. "Are you yellow? Get in there and fight!"



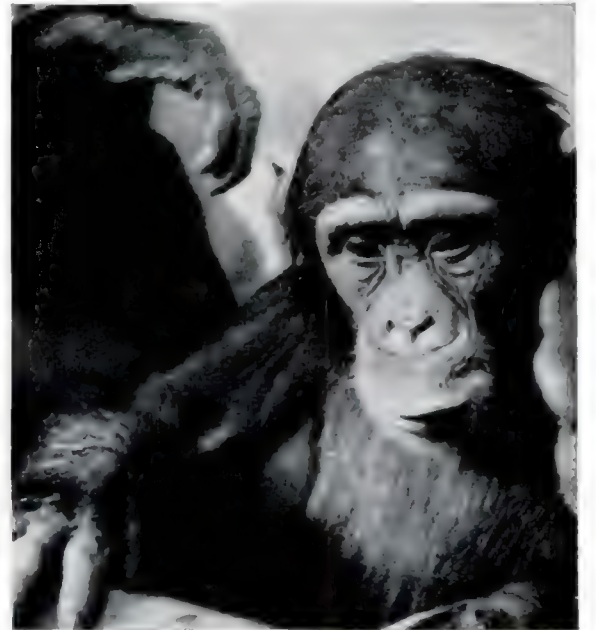
9 Billy now has the champ backed up against the ropes. He rocks him with a right to the face, a left to the body. Sammy's guard is down. He's pawing the air.



10 What a fight! The boys in the press box can't get it down fast enough. These two are knocking out their story for the early morning editions.



11 The sports columnists have more time. They discuss what looks like the advent of a new champion. But it's not settled yet. The old champ still can take it.



12 Sockem Sammy's manager is in the depths of monkey despair. He has a lot of money on this fight. If only that bell would ring and end the round!



13 Sammy's down! He's down! The referee waves Billy to a corner. Now he's counting "seven—eight—nine—TEN." The champ is knocked out in 2 min. of the second round.



14 Poor old Sammy's too weak to get up. He leers his hatred at the crowd as it boos the loser, cheers the victor.



15 The new champ at the mike: "Gee, mom, I won the fight!"

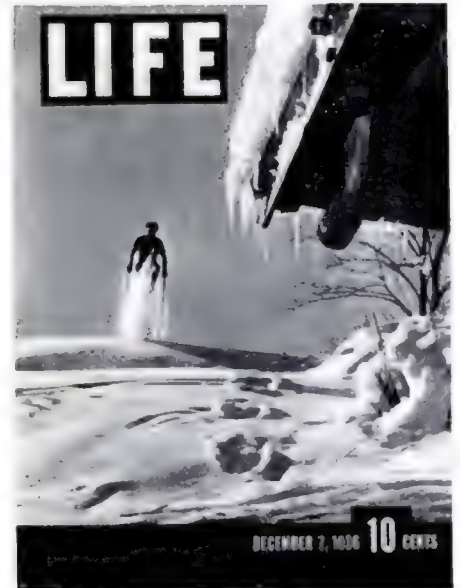
LIFE
 now prints over 600,000
 weekly copies . . . still is
 embarrassed by the shortage . . .
AND ALL BECAUSE PEOPLE LIKE IT

The trying situation of disappointed newsstand purchasers repeats itself on thousands of stands each week—although LIFE's original print order has been inched up week-by-week to over 600,000 copies.

LIFE would be delighted to hold out promises of immediate surcease from this situation. But the unalterable fact is that LIFE must be printed on specially designed presses that alone can straddle the complex problems of a high-caliber printing job done on heavy enameled paper almost at newspaper speed. Thus until new special presses are ready, the shortage may remain.

In the meantime, LIFE can only promise to squeeze the existing presses dry—and urge newsstand buyers to be newsstand early birds each week, or, safer yet, to ask newsstand dealers to reserve copies.

They like LIFE's Pictures



I was happy to show it to my friends. Their comments were, first, of course, "What marvelous photography!" Then, "Do you think they'll be able to keep it up?"

—KATHERINE WALTON, HOLLAND, VA.

Congratulations on producing such an unbiased portfolio of interesting and well-taken pictures! We love it!

—WILLIAM STODDARD, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

The new magazine's photography is breath-taking . . . shows what a fertile mind behind a camera can accomplish . . . it fills a need . . . I like the sequence idea of telling a complete story in pictures.

—BOB STEPHAN, CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

Compliment you on the quality of the pictures and also on the selection of those used.

—GLADYS S. CAMPBELL, ALBANY, NEW YORK

The new LIFE is rich, racy, realistic. PICTURES! that's what the public wants!

—REV. AUGUSTUS W. SHICK, HADDONFIELD, N. J.

I am fully acquainted with the educational principle that 85% of all we learn comes thru the eye, hence the importance of pictures in the way of education. That is why your publication is at once a great opportunity and a GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.

—REV. EARL F. FOWLER, ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA

The sequence idea in pictures is original and intriguing.

—MYRON GLASER, MGR.,
THE WASHINGTON TIMES-HERALD

From the front cover straight through to the back there was just one thrilling picture after another. . . .

—RUTH A. ANTES, HOMEWOOD, ILLINOIS

Congratulate you on a very fine piece of work. The pictures are simply grand.

—BYRON K. HUNSBERGER, MORRISTOWN, PENNA.

The photographic work is especially fine.

—W. F. PACKER ALLIS, EASTON, PA.

LIFE LIFE LIFE LIFE LIFE

The finest piece of modern journalism and picturization I ever expect to see.

—HARRY D. CORBIN, JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

I went through it in half an hour and more information remained in my head than I can usually keep after reading a book bigger than I can lift.

—H. Z. LOGAN, SOUTH MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The world is in need of this type of magazine which presents to us in pictures, the worthwhile happenings of the Universe.

—MICHAEL BLOY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

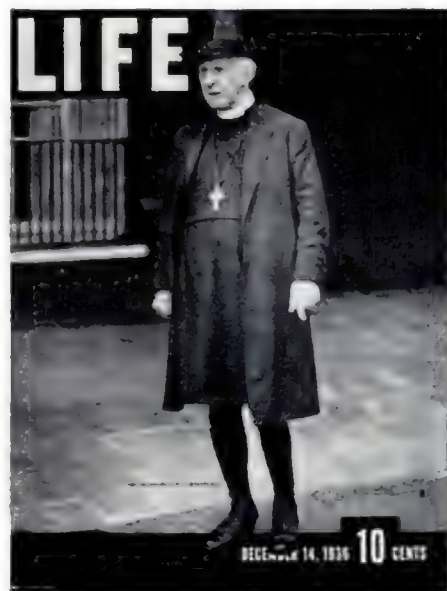
This publication could not have appeared at a more opportune moment than at this time when history is being made; it will always be a valuable record.

—E. VON PAWEL, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

It has thrilled me in pictures and news.

—SYDNEY S. PARISH, DAYONNE, N. J.

They like LIFE's News



No one should be without any issue of LIFE that wants to keep up with the times.

—JAMES B. HAWKINS, PITTSBURGH, PA.

You have set a standard in journalism that will be hard to improve on.

—JOHN H. DOYLE, M.D., TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

To get kaleidoscopic views of world events in such condensed and graphic form is a real treat.

—DR. L. A. JOHNSON, DENVER, COLORADO

To visualize the happenings of the world means that we shall better retain these events.

—W. H. BAYLOR, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

For its contents I have never seen the equal for it gives thru pictures the same quick story that we get from other magazines after hours of reading.

—W. G. MC CORMICK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I was expecting something fine. What I saw left me almost breathless. Bigger in size, more pages, more handsomely printed than I had imagined it would be.

—FRANK C. TUCKER, ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

I feel that you should be congratulated on the entire makeup, the generous size which commands attention and confidence . . . I plan on a permanent binding of the copies.

—E. E. KIMMERLING, ROANOKE, VA.

Sterling achievement in journalism . . . inspiring photography and pleasing typography.

—WILFRED MAYNARD, NEW YORK

Its format is indeed beautiful.

—R. Y. TALIAFERRO, EL DORADO, KANSAS

It is in a class alone. . . Its beauty and interest are fascinating, its style and set-up superb, and its price ridiculous.

—PHILIP P. NOVER, NEW YORK CITY

I only wish we could use over here in our popular publications paper of the quality and substance you have used. LIFE will be a terrific success.

—JOHN DUNBAR, LONDON, ENGLAND

"A thrill a second" would not be overrating the creative effort you have expended to make LIFE a masterpiece of printing.

—REUBEN BEARD, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

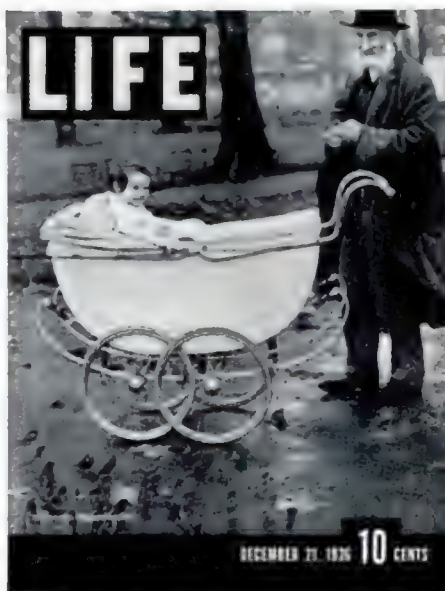
Congratulations on your color photography (Rembrandt, & portrait of Rachmaninoff) and ski pictures.

—EDWARD B. STANFORD, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

I just don't see how you do it. Most laymen won't appreciate your achievement and contribution to the printing profession, but I am one who takes his hat off.

—M. R. ROBINSON, THE CULVER, IND. CITIZEN

They like the way LIFE is printed



LIFE is little short of phenomenal! . . . It is easily worth—and you could receive—25c per copy—anywhere!

—JOSEPH C. SHULER, HOOPESTON, ILL.

My friends are simply dumbfounded that such a magazine could ever have been introduced at such a price.

—GERALD WILGAND, QUINCY, ILLINOIS

I think it is the finest magazine for this price that I have ever seen, even at higher prices.

—D. M. DEMPSTER, JENKINTOWN, PA.

It seems to me an enormous ten cents' worth.

—EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF VOGUE

A distinctive artistic achievement, as well as a record amount of magazine for ten cents.

—PAUL I. BERNO, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Was Homer nodding when it was decided to charge only ten cents for newsstand copies?

—JOSEPH F. GALLAGHER, M.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

To the Greatest dime magazine in the world we say, "It's the Top."

—W. BILL AKNAY, TULSA, OKLAHOMA

The greatest value for ten cents in a magazine that I have ever known!

—STANLEY H. ROTTENBERG,
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

It is the best ten cent buy on the market today.

—E. L. GOUEDY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

I would have considered my money well spent on a magazine half the size and containing half the interesting features included in your first number.

—FRANCIS H. ASPINWALL, CORNELL '38

LIFE is so much magazine for ten cents . . . can hardly fail to be a success.

—WILBUR FORREST, NEW YORK CITY

They like LIFE's Price

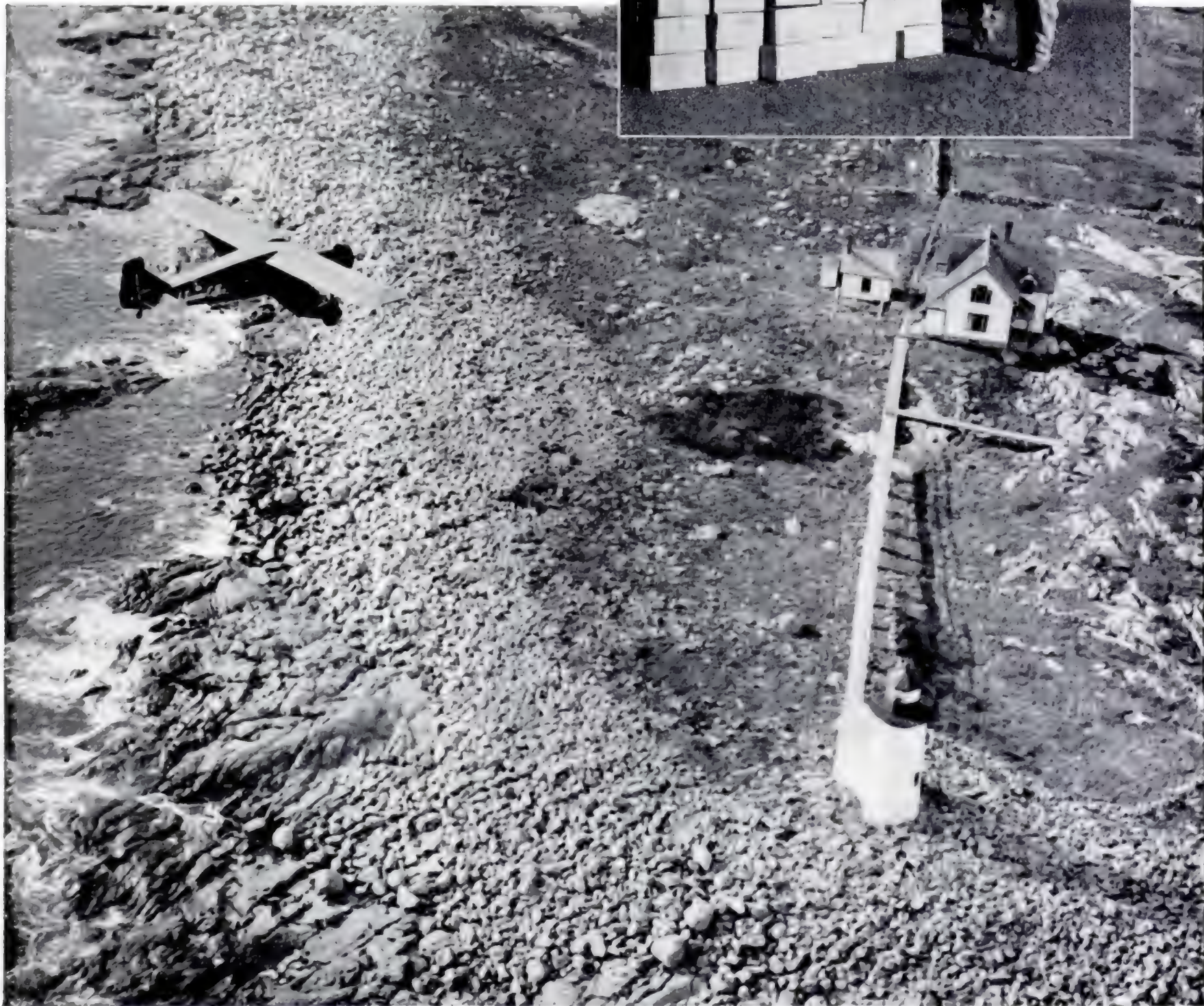


LIFE LIFE LIFE LIFE LIFE

Life Goes on a Trip

In an airplane with Santa Claus along the New England Coast

EACH Christmas La Touraine Coffee Company sends the Bill Wincapaws, father and son (*right*), out by airplane to drop gift bundles on the lighthouses and Coast Guard stations along the New England coast north of Boston. This year, the Wincapaws supplied 125 stations with magazines, books, newspapers, almanacs, coffee, cigarettes, toys, stockings and candy from the air. Because in some cases the target was so small, they carried extra bundles in case of a miss. After having stocked the 125 stations, they dropped the remaining packages on islands off the Maine coast known to be inhabited by lone fishermen. Their trip of 2,000 flying miles cost about \$3,500.



CHRISTMAS CAME BY AIR TO THE STRAITS MOUTH LIGHT AT ROCKPORT, MASS.



North of Gloucester, Mass. is Annisquam Light (above). At right, Bill Winecapaw Jr. drops a Christmas package to the light tender as his father tends the controls.

ALL lighthouse pictures on these pages were taken from a Coast Guard plane which convoyed Captain Winecapaw's plane as far north as Portsmouth, N.H. A native of Friendship, Maine, Winecapaw learned to fly in 1911, has since flown some 1,500,000 miles. In 1927 he was stationed at Rockland, Maine, as base-manager of Curtiss-Wright. More recently he has been located in Boston as private pilot for Adriel U. Bird, President of La Touraine Coffee, sponsor of this Christmas flight. Sharing the expenses are Samuel L. Bickford, New York restaurant man and Edwin J. Beinecke, hotel proprietor. Early this year Pilot Winecapaw guided a rescue ship to seven CCC boys stranded on a broken ice floe in Massachusetts Bay. Last July he piloted the plane which went out to sea to greet the *Queen Mary* in her first speed crossing and, caught in her back draft, fell into the sea killing a *Boston Post* staff photographer.



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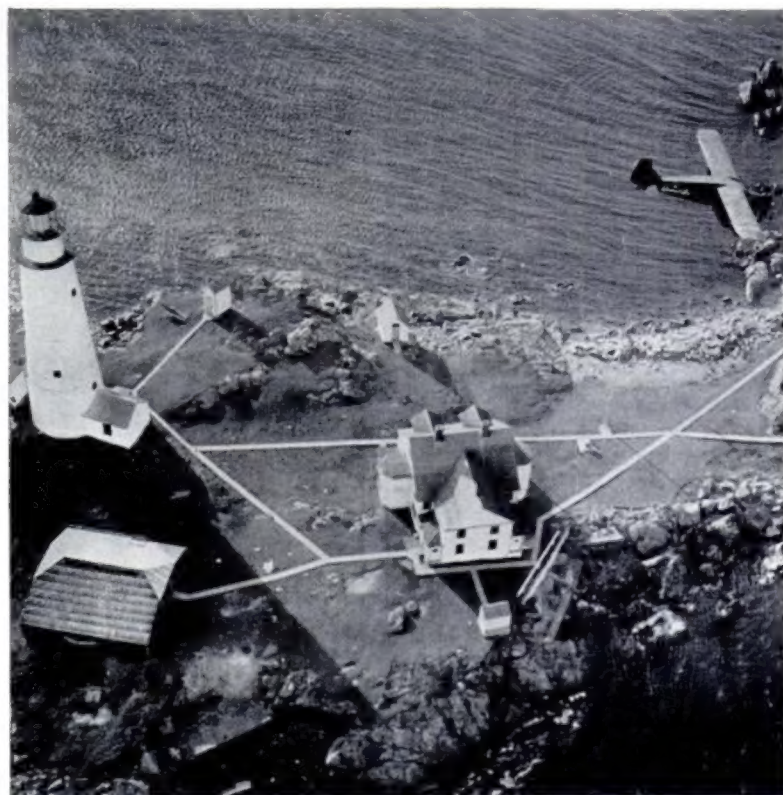


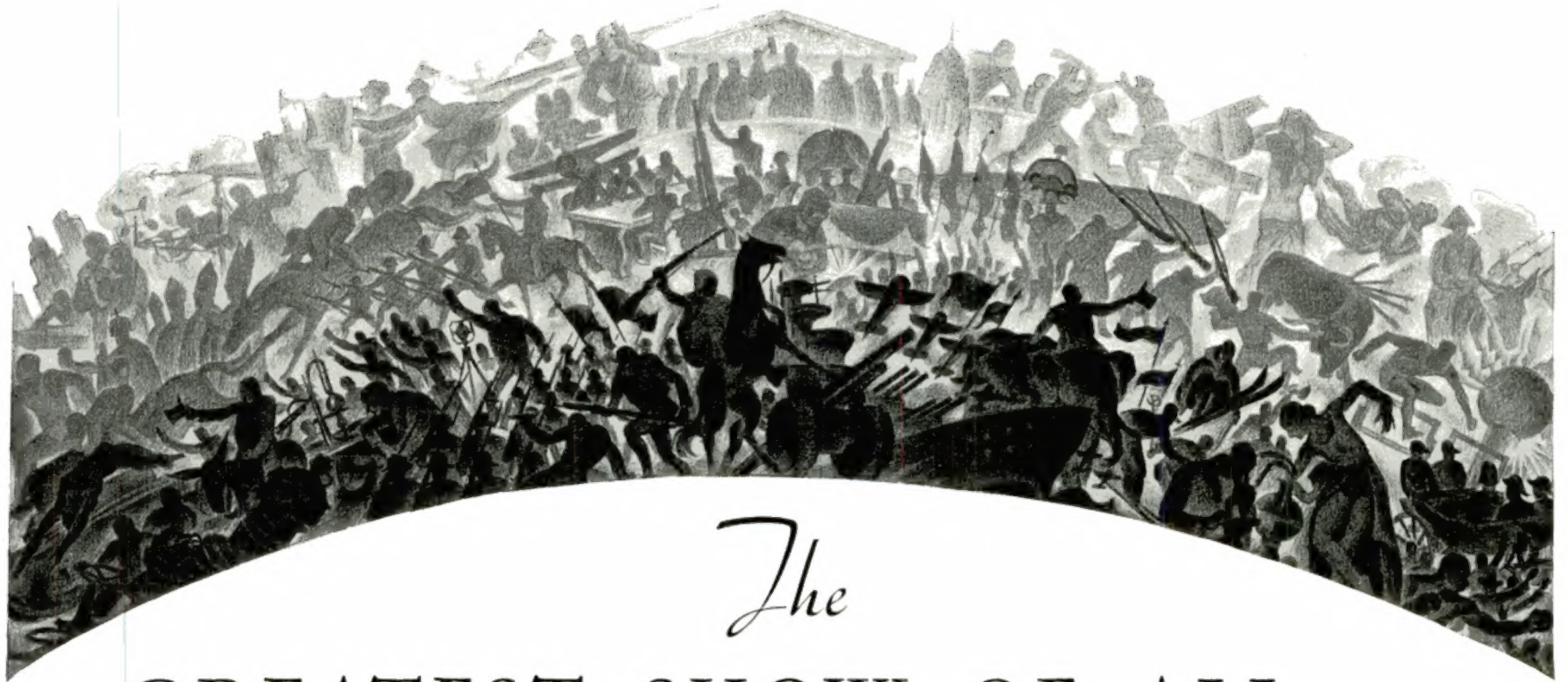
Life's Trip

(CONTINUED)



Graveyard of the New England coast is Plum Island. The U.S. maintains two Coast Guard stations there, the larger one (*above*) on the exposed southern tip. Last call on the flying Wincapaws' Christmas itinerary is famed Boston Light (*below*). Oldest lighthouse in the U.S., it was built in 1716, destroyed by the British in 1776, rebuilt in 1783. It still retains some of its original parts.





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TIME

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• 15¢ AT NEWSSTANDS •



LIFE

*is all Sunshine to
these two . . . but it's
serious business to us*

★ Regularly each week, as regularly as clock ticks, this new magazine, LIFE, comes off our presses—a picture magazine cleanly printed on enamel paper at weekly-newsmagazine speeds. This has never been done before. A year ago it would have been an impossibility ★ But during recent years we have continued a seventy year program of perfecting the knowledge of our craftsmen, of increasing the efficiency of the machines they operate. We have improved old printing processes and added new ones—developed new methods and new machinery. Of all this, LIFE is a culmination ★ To-day we can produce *all* kinds of printed matter (your printed matter!) better, faster...and at lower cost...than ever before.

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